ENVIRONMENT IN THE COURTROOM by JOSEPH L. SAX

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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 3, 1970/50¢

THE ART OF SICILY
by KATHARINE KUH

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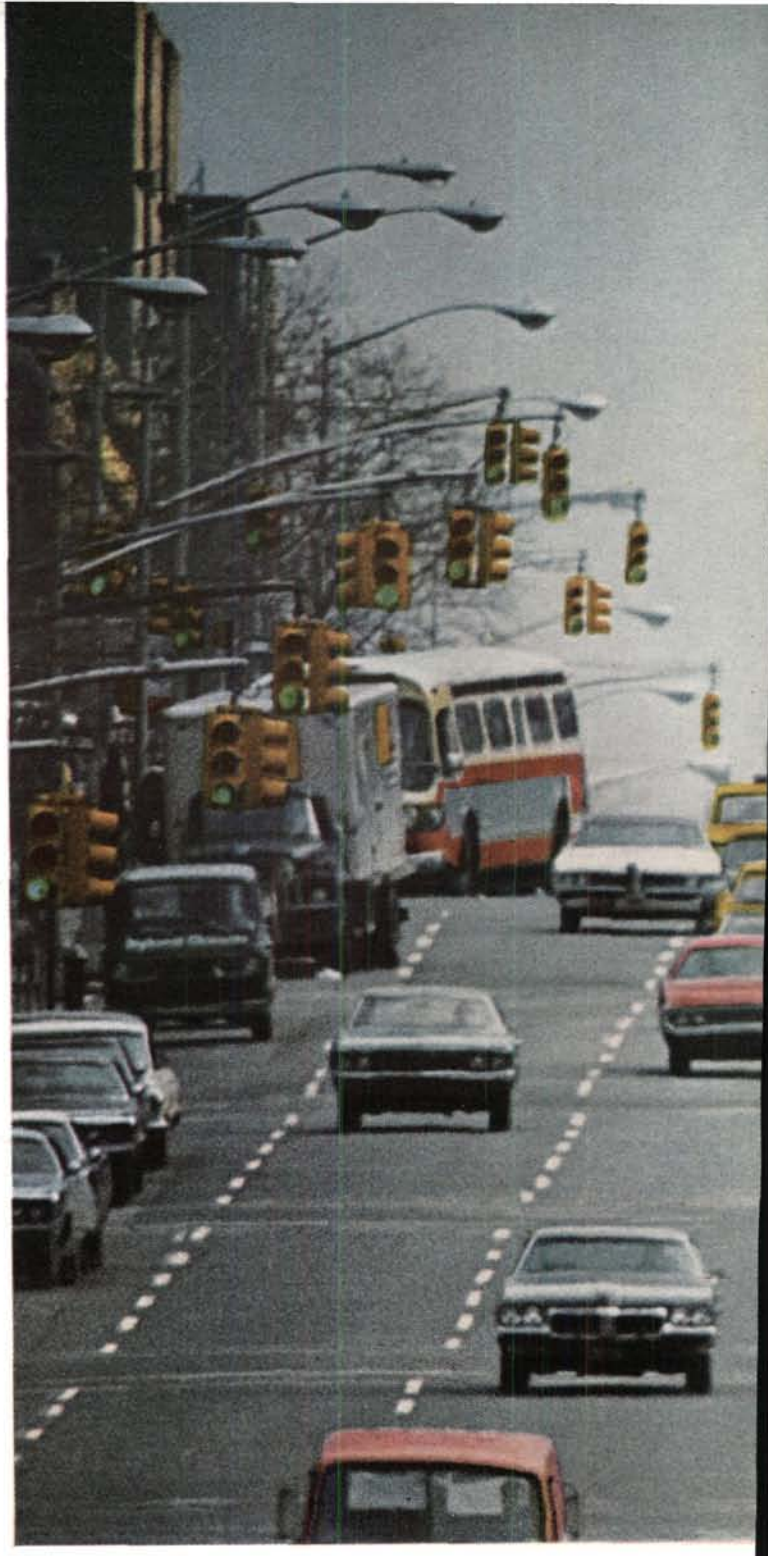
John Babyak at the Traffic Center "situation board," which reflects the status of every traffic light under computer control.



Giving New York drivers the green light where traffic once crawled.

Every morning New York City must digest a breakfast of three million cars, trucks and buses. But on five main arteries, drivers now average one quarter as many stops. John Babyak's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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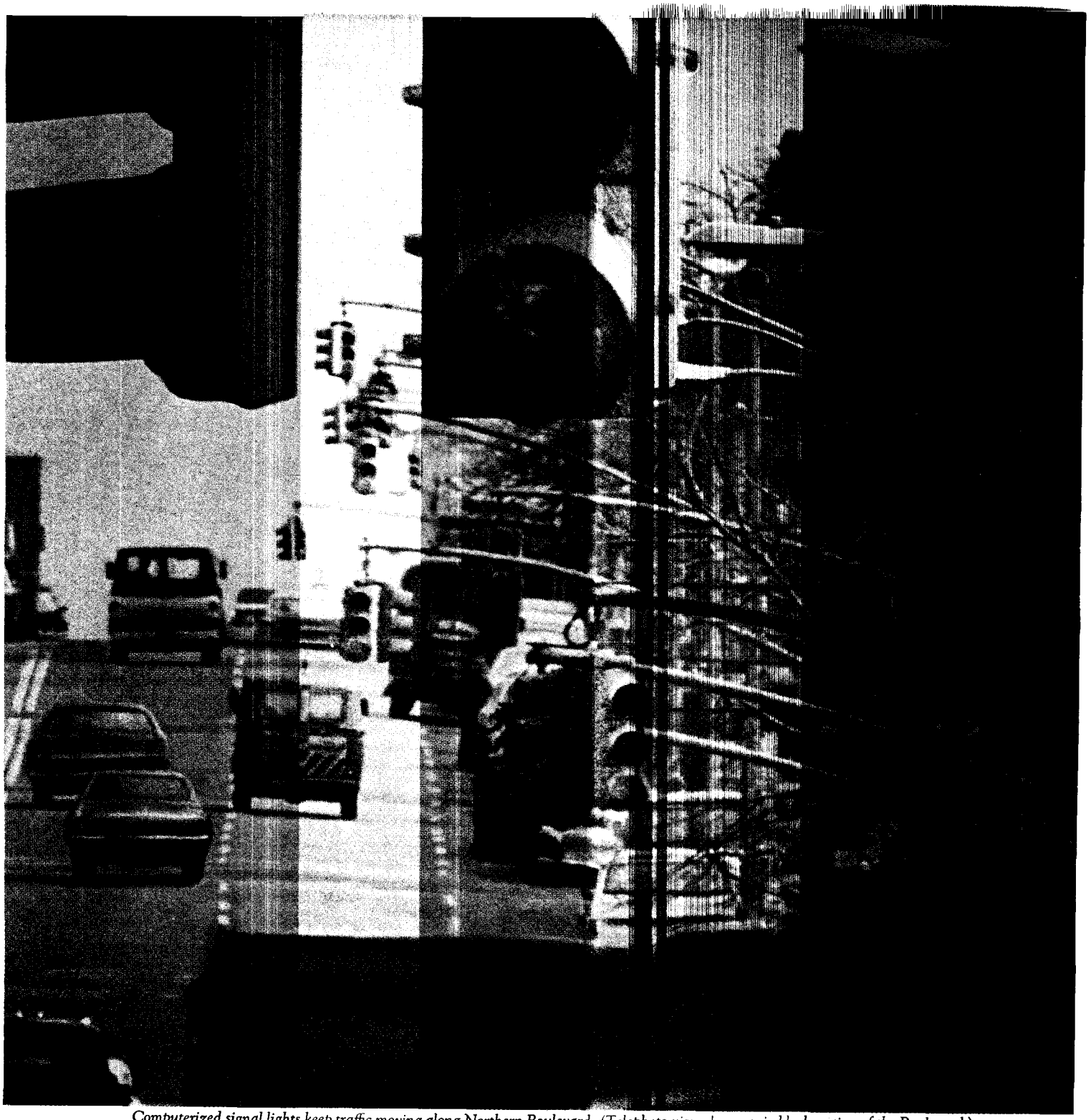

Computerized signal lights keep traffic moving along Northern Boulevard. (Telephoto view shows a six-block section of the Boulevard.)

"Just over a year ago," relates IBM's John Babyak, "a Traffic Department study showed it took 45 to 50 minutes to travel eleven miles of Northern Boulevard in the morning rush hour.

"Along the way, you'd average 23 stops.

"Today, the figures show you can make the trip in 25 to 30 minutes, and average just 7 stops."

The difference is New York's new computerized traffic system which began on Northern Boulevard, in the borough of Queens, and has since been extended to four other main arteries there.

John Babyak, the IBM Systems Engineer assigned to the project, has been working on the application of computers to traffic problems for about ten years.

"In late 1968," says Mr. Babyak, "the City embarked on a program with IBM to develop a system for Queens. By May 1969 we were officially in operation.

"Right now, the system controls over three hundred intersections along thirty-five miles of the busiest roads in the New York area. Overhead sensors provide continuous traffic flow data to the computer. The system then responds to changing traffic patterns.

"These roads carry 130,000 cars a day.

"The Department estimates it has saved drivers up to fourteen hours a month in travel time.

"What's more, traffic engineers point to the fact that fewer stops mean fewer accidents. Especially the rear-end variety.

"As it now stands, the Queens installation is already the largest computerized traffic control system in the country.

"Even so, it's just a beginning."

IBM

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"Harry's loaded again... I say let's fire him"

Harry is a great guy, really. Everybody says so. Darned good welder, too.

Except when he's drinking. And Harry seems to be drinking most of the time.

Because of alcohol Harry missed 11 days from work last month. What do you do with an employee like Harry? Fire him?

Here at Bethlehem we have a better solution. Better for Harry, better for us. We've developed a corporation-wide alcoholism program built on rehabilitation. Each employee with a drinking problem is urged to seek help through this plan.

It's working, too. In the five years of the program's life, over 60% of the enrollees have made dramatic progress toward recovery. Some cases are, of course, hopeless. Such people simply cannot hold a job.

The alcoholic is a person with a serious illness; indeed, alcoholism is the nation's #1 neglected health problem. Yet there's a better than even chance that the problem drinker can be saved from his affliction.

Typically, the alcoholic is talented and intelligent. To discard him, then, is indefensible. To try to salvage him is the only answer, on both economic and humanitarian grounds.

We hope we are seeing the dawn of a day when every business and every citizen views the alcoholic for what he is: sick, but not sickening.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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October 3, 1970

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by Katharine Kuh

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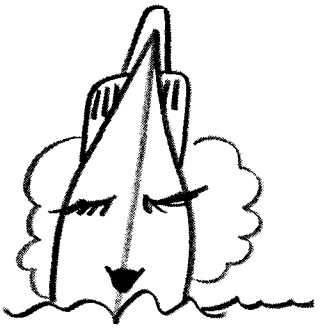

The Caribbean debut of the joyful Mermoz.

Break out the champagne, kick up your heels, here comes the Mermoz!

She wants you to dance. To raise a late-night toast in the grill room. She gives you floor shows and movies. Discotheque and boutiques. There's everything a modern liner should have, and she's shiningly beautiful besides.

But it's Paquet's people with their French Riviera ways that really make the Mermoz so happy. They love to live... love to love ... love to cook (ah those meals with complimentary vintage wines!). And another happy thing, a cruise on the Mermoz doesn't cost nearly what you'd expect.

So for real joie de vivre, come along on the Mermoz. Calling at St. Thomas, Port Antonio, Curacao, San Juan. At St. Maarten, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, Trinidad. Altogether she'll visit 18 Caribbean ports on eight cruises. You take your pick, they're all going to be joyful.

Cruising from Port Everglades, Florida.

Dec. 12. 8 days, 3 ports, pre-season rates from $190.
Dec. 20. Christmas Cruise, 14 days, 8 ports, from $450.
Jan. 4. 8 days, 3 ports, from $200.
Jan. 13. 10 days, 5 ports, from $280.
Jan. 23. 12 days, 7 ports, from $360.
Feb. 5. 13 days, 7 ports, from $415.
Feb. 18. Carnival Cruise, 15 days, 8 ports, from $485.
Mar. 5. 10 days, 5 ports, from $280.
Minimum rates subject to availability.

THE MERMOZ IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

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Paquet's Mermoz. Because there's no season like the first season.

For reservations or colorful cruise folders see your travel agent or Mediterranean French Companies, Inc., Owner's Representative, 119 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 765-0670.
French Line, General Agents, United States (except New York), Canada and Mexico.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Riot Act

AFICIONADOS of rioting will not be surprised to discover that it is a pastime which eventually tends to develop its own rules—even in Ireland, where the summer has been regularly punctuated by bouts of rock-heaving and violent confrontations. Nobody likes a riot, and the worst of the melees in Northern Ireland have been very ugly affairs. But there are also times when even news-hungry reporters are forced to admit that the battlefields look suspiciously like playing fields.

This is particularly true of Derry, where, for the past few months, there has been virtually no sectarian rioting at all. There has been plenty of stone-throwing, but it has all been straightforward, nonsectarian stuff. Catholic teen-agers pit themselves in battle, not against their Protestant counterparts, who are safely enclosed in their own areas on the other side of the city wall, but against an increasingly bemused British soldiery. From time to time the Protestant teen-agers do likewise, but without ever confronting the Catholics.

The causes of these "riots" are often obscure. On the evening of August 11, for instance, there was sporadic stone-throwing in progress early in the evening, directed against the British troops from the Catholic area of the Bogside. It died out by about 7 p.m., and for the next few hours total peace reigned—some of the soldiers were even seen talking to some of the kids (affectionately known as "the young hooligans") with whom they had previously been at hostilities. Then, at about 11 p.m., one officer decided that there wouldn't be any more trouble, and ordered his platoon to get back into their troop carrier and go home. The dozen men involved, delighted at the thought of an early night, leaped to their feet with a great rattling of riot shields and military hardware. As if in response to a conditioned reflex, the stones came whistling through the darkness once more—and continued to do so for another three hours.

This zany encounter was only terminated in the small hours of the morning when a British officer suddenly appeared, unarmed, in front of his men. The sight of someone breaking the rules with such impunity brought an immediate halt to the shower of rocks, and then, after a few moment's silence, the officer suggested: "I say, you chaps—can't we leave it like this for the time being and carry on again tomorrow?" The novelty of this suggestion ensured its immediate acceptance.

Even in Belfast, where the two communities live closer together and where violence is more frequently sectarian in character, the British Army has been learning to play the game. One prolonged confrontation was still in progress at about 7 a.m. when the officer commanding the troops was surprised to see one of the stone-throwers detach himself from his friends and walk forward for a parley. The burden of his message was simple: "The lads want to know if it's all right by you if we call it off now," he asked mildly. The officer, trying unsuccessfully to conceal his surprise, indicated his agreement, and politely inquired why hostilities were being ended so abruptly. It turned out that the stone-throwers wanted to go to mass (it being Sunday morning)—and that their parish church was on the other side of the British lines.

The most basic rule of all is that tactics are firmly excluded. All confrontations are beautifully simple affairs, usually in one street. There are no pincer movements and no attempts at encirclement. Reporters and bystanders can get from one side of the firing line to the other simply by walking about fifty yards down a side street parallel to the "pitch." But the Army, by their very forbearance, are breaking one of the most important rules of the game, and in the process depriving their adversaries of much of their ammunition. "Give us back the RUC," came a plaintive cry from the Bogside to the soldiers patrolling the city walls a few weeks ago. "At least they throw our stones back."

Things have become so desperate, in fact, that the Bogsiders had to improvise an Ordnance Corps—two men with wheelbarrows—to ensure a continuing and plentiful supply of raw material. So far nobody has blown the whistle.

—JOHN HORGAN.

East Is East but West Is Best

THE OTHER DAY I met a woman named Mrs. East. It occurred to me that it was the first time I had ever met anyone named East. As I thought about it, I realized that I have never met even one person named South. On the other hand, I know several people named North and even more named West.

I turned to our telephone book, which covers an area with a population of about 150,000. My research in the phone book disclosed the following: thirty-seven people named West, ten named North, four named East, and one named South. I had thought there might have been somewhat more Norths than that, and fewer Easts, and I was amazed that there actually was someone named South. But the preponderance of Wests was about what I had anticipated.

The question on my mind now is why there are more than twice as many Wests as all the others put together. East seems to me just as nice a name, and so, for that matter, does South. In fact, South has such connotations of grace and warmth that I wonder why it is outnumbered ten to one by North, which has chilly overtones, and thirty-seven to one by West.

Of course I live in the West, and that might help explain why there are so many Wests in our phone book. But my guess is that a phone book in the East would show the names in about the same proportion.

There is no question about it. There is something appealing, even prestigi-

ous, about West. No wonder anyone would rather have the name West than East, North, or South. "Westward the course of empire," said Bishop Berkeley. "Westward, look, the land is bright," said Arthur Hugh Clough. Everyone knows what Horace Greeley said, and it wasn't "Go east, young man." Scott's Lochinvar came out of the West and went back there, staying in the East only long enough to gather up his girl friend, rescuing her from marriage to "a dastard in love and a laggard at war," an Easterner no doubt.

The more I think about it, the better I understand the popularity of West as a surname. In history and literature there is a brightness, a forward look, an aura of romance attached to West that is not possessed by any of the other cardinal points of the compass.

And how are people named West doing these days? I checked in the latest edition of *Who's Who in America*. Here, if you are skeptical, is the clincher: West (including such writers as Anthony West, Rebecca West, and Jessamyn West) forty-five, North thirteen, East one, and South zero.

I am considering changing my name.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

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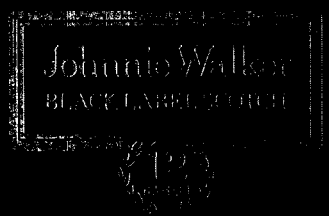
Honor thy self.



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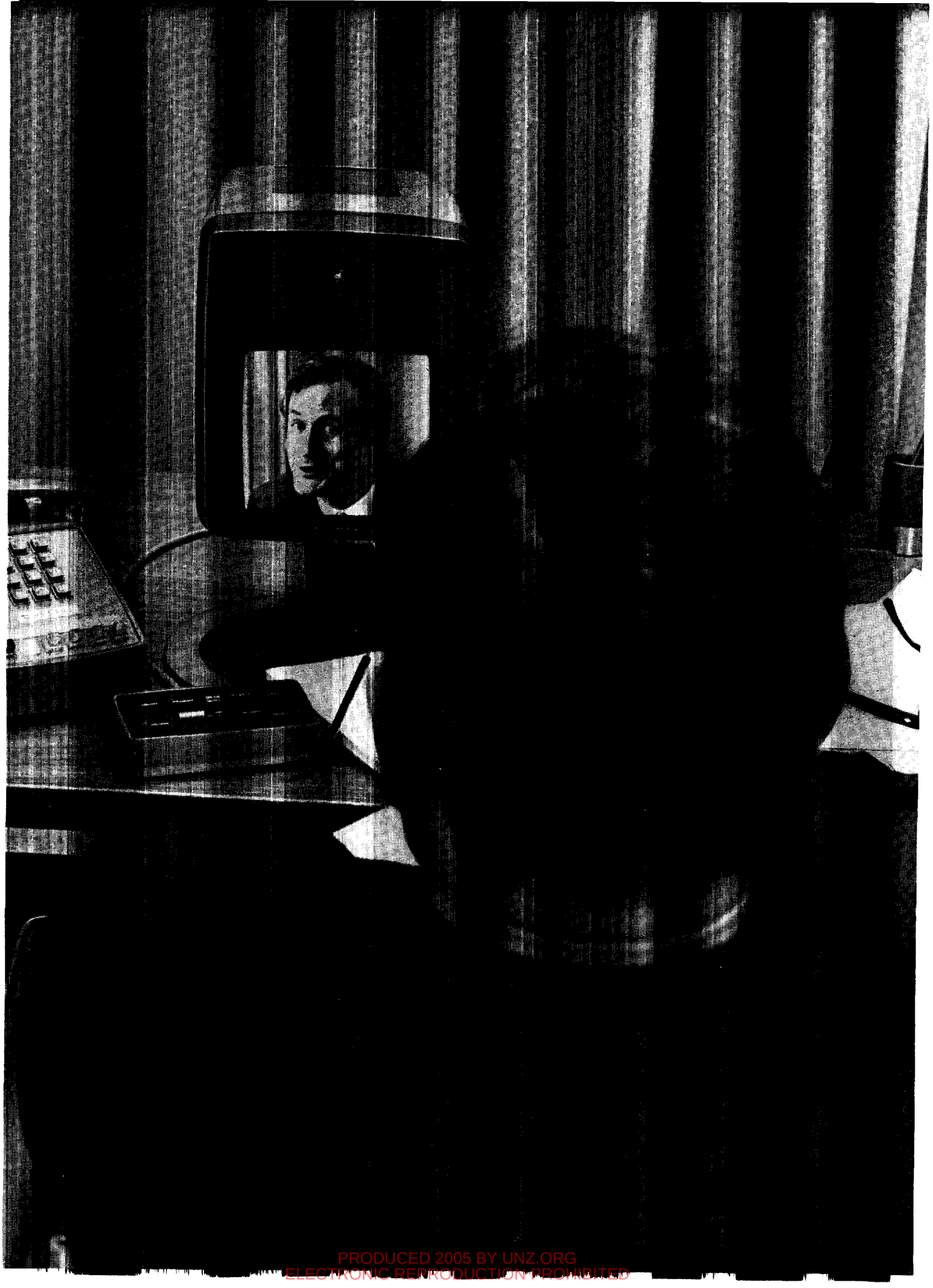

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Some people in Pittsburgh are seeing voices.

Picturephone® service is a reality in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

And by the middle of 1971 it will be in Chicago and Washington, D.C.

By 1976 it will be established in 27 cities around the country.

Unfortunately, Picturephone service can't be everywhere at once.

Because to prepare for it means building and installing a new kind of network over the framework of the existing one.

And it means creating a different kind of telephone circuit. (Transmitting a picture over phone wires requires a circuit capacity 300 times wider than the one that carries a voice.)

As facilities grow, users will find countless new possibilities for Picturephone service.

Discussing layouts, viewing charts, and getting computer information via a Picturephone/computer hookup are just a few of the areas being pursued right now.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company keep working to expand the things the telephone does.

This time by showing you what's going on at the other end of it.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Sorry, Right Number

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE is a famous department store. It has three branches—Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, Beverly Hills, California, and Miami Beach, Florida—with which I've done business ever since you could buy a good suit for as high as $75.

The White House is a famous office. It has three branches—Washington, D. C., San Clemente, California, and Key Biscayne, Florida. I've been doing business with the White House ever since federal taxes were as high as 20 per cent of your net income.

Whenever I've had a complaint, I always telephoned the main branch of Saks. It went like this:

"Good morning, Saks Fifth Avenue."

"Hello. I have a complaint."

"Which department?"

"The men's department."

"Which one—clothing, shoes, shirts, or socks?"

"Clothing. It's about shortening a jacket."

"That's extension 2346. I'll connect you."

She does, and I've always been quickly and satisfactorily attended to. I often wondered what it would be like if I phoned the main office in Washington.

"Good morning, White House Pennsylvania Avenue."

"Hello. I have a complaint."

"Which department?"

"The war department."

"Which one? Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, or Thailand?"

"All four."

"Oh, you want Indochina."

"Well, I don't really. My complaint is about shortening the war."

"That's expansion 64—I mean that's extension 6432. I'll connect you."

"Thank you."

"Good morning, Indochina here."

"Hello, sir. I have a complaint about something I bought in your department last June that you haven't delivered on."

"What did you buy?"

"I bought the incursion into Cambodia on the proposition that it would shorten the war in Vietnam, and it hasn't come yet."

"Well, that takes time. Don't worry about it. Our Commander in Chief promised delivery and you'll get it."

"I know he did. But I just read in the paper here that the war doesn't seem to have been shortened. That's what it says in *The New York Times*. Shall I send it to you?"

"No, no, don't do that. We're not allowed to read *The New York Times*. Does that answer your question?"

"But my real question is 'Will the war be shortened?' Seems as if it's expanding—Laos is in it, and Thailand."

"The more the merrier, I say."

"Does that mean 'the more the quicker'?"

"It means the more allies we have like Thailand and Laos, the less losses the U.S. will have. Haven't you read the casualty lists lately? The South Vietnamese and the Cambodian losses are five times ours. American losses are now down to only two digits."

"I wish you hadn't said 'only.'"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Look, Sir, all I called to complain about is your slow delivery of the end of the war that I helped purchase with my tax money. It's been a long time coming through that tunnel. Can you give me some hope that you can see the light now?"

"Absolutely. Definitely. And frankly speaking, I can tell you—"

"Oh, I'm sorry you said that."

"What did I say?"

"You said 'frankly speaking.' That implies you haven't been frank so far."

"There you go again with your semantics."

"Are you anti-semantic?"

"All I was about to do was to make it crystal-clear to you that I—"

"Oops, I wish you hadn't said that either. It makes it sound as if everything you've said before is lapis opaque."

"What the hell is lapis? Is that a code word for your campus rioters? What school do you go to?"

"Oh, I don't go to school, Sir."

"Oh, a dropout! Instead of phoning me with your complaints you should be out there fighting this war so we have that peace you're complaining we haven't delivered. I'm going to look up your account. What's your account number in our books?"

"My number is SS 067-24-6217. In Medicare you had a capital A."

"I got it. You'll be hearing from us."

"Sir, if you're thinking of sending me one of your 'Greetings' letters, all I can say is that if you're down to taking me, you'll never see that light at the end of the tunnel. Hello. . . . Hello, Indochina? . . . Hello, Sir. . . . Hello. . . ."

Share Tuesday with a friend.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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THE WORLD OF BOAC

It's a new Terminal at JFK. Ours. For people who don't like crowds.

We're the first European airline to have its own Terminal at JFK, New York. Away from the hassle in the other international building. We have our own United States Customs, Health and Immigration facilities. Modern baggage-handling facilities, loading bridges for all types of aircraft. Plus a bank, shop and duty-free ordering facilities, and three restaurants-deluxe, coffee shop and pub.

It's low-cost Fall vacations.

We can offer you a whole range of holidays to Britain, Australia and New Zealand, the Orient, Europe and Africa. Many cost so little they work out at little more than the air fare alone. For instance from New York you can take the BOAC London Super Show Tour. For $275* you get air fare, 15 days in London, hotel room with private bath and

breakfasts. 7 theater tickets. Casino membership and more. All for $275. See your Travel Agent. He'll tell you what BOAC can offer you from your city.

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Our exclusive VC10 has four powerful rear-mounted engines for an unbelievably quiet cabin. The roomiest Economy seat of any comparable jet, and an overhead locker for your parcels.

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With BOAC, you'll appreciate service in the British tradition. A Chief Steward is in charge of your care and our stewardesses. You'll find your call button answered promptly and politely, your meals served deftly, with everything just right. It's all a matter of years of experience.

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We can fly you to Britain from Anchorage, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Honolulu, Los Angeles, New York, Miami, Philadelphia, or Washington, D.C. To Australia from New York, Los Angeles or Honolulu. To Tokyo and Hong Kong from San Francisco and Honolulu. And to the Islands and the Caribbean from New York.

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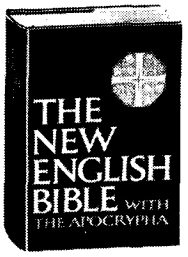
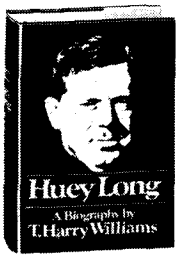
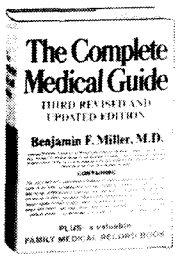
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



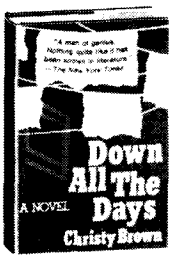
517. THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE *with the Apocrypha* Standard edition (Retail price **$9.95**)



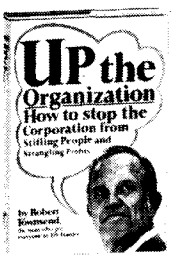
283. HUEY LONG *by* T. HARRY WILLIAMS Photographs (Retail price **$12.50**)



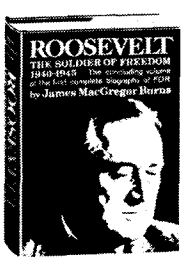
140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D., 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Retail price **$9.95**)



349. DOWN ALL THE DAYS *by* CHRISTY BROWN (Retail price **$6.95**)

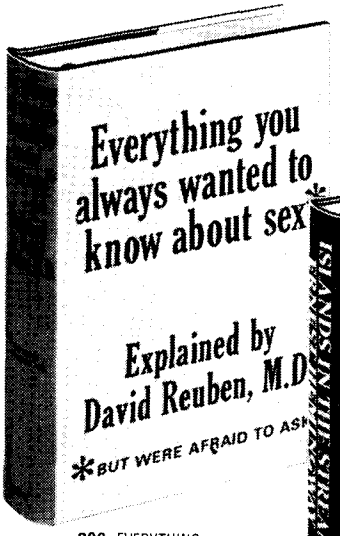


323. UP THE *ORGANIZATION* *by* ROBERT TOWNSEND (Retail price **$5.95**)



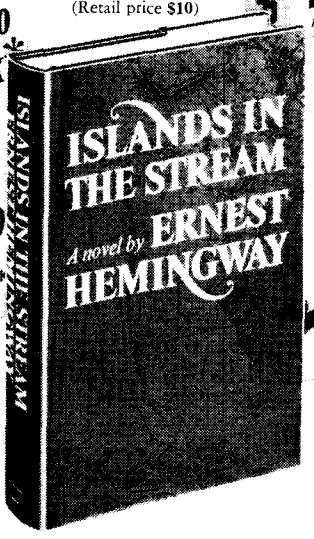
126. ROOSEVELT: The Soldier of Freedom, 1940-1945 *by* JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS Illustrations (Retail price **$10**)

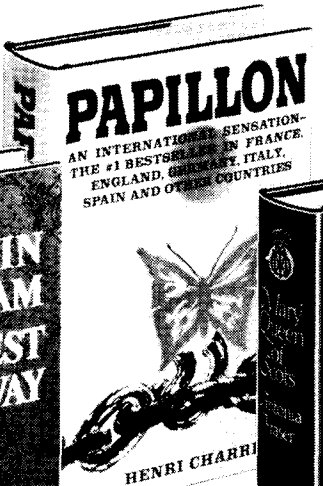
318. RICH MAN, POOR MAN *by* IRWIN SHAW (Retail price **$7.95**)



206. EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX *by* DAVID REUBEN, M.D. (Retail price **$6.95**)

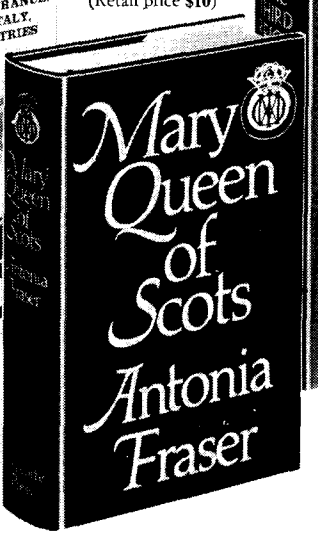
302. ISLANDS IN THE STREAM *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price **$10**)

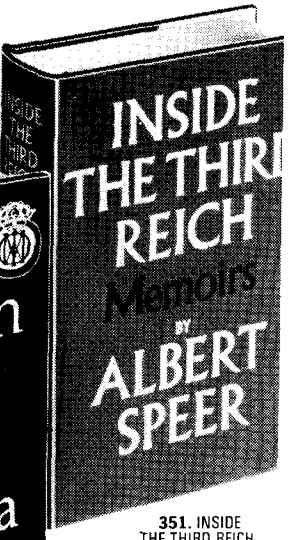




205. PAPILLON *by* HENRI CHARRIERE (Retail price **$8.95**)

328. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS *by* ANTONIA FRASER Photographs (Retail price **$10**)





351. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH Memoirs by Albert Speer Photographs (Retail price **$12.50**)

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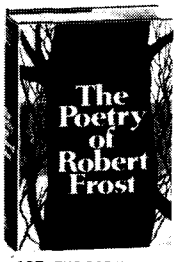
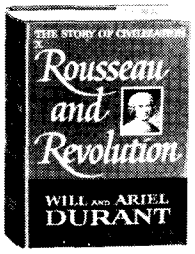
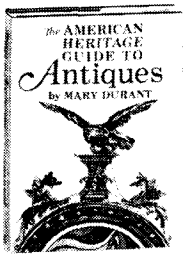
201. LOVE AND WILL *by* ROLLO MAY (Retail price **$6.95**)



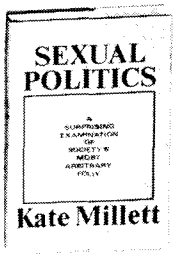
127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM (Retail price **$10.95**)



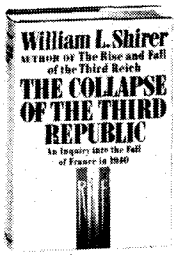
381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illus. (Retail price **$15**)



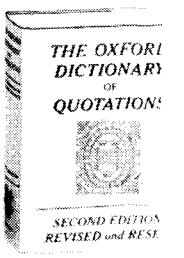
213. THE AMERICAN HERITAGE GUIDE TO ANTIQUES *by* MARY DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price **$6.95**)



434. SEXUAL POLITICS *by* KATE MILLETT (Retail price **$7.95**)



319. THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC: An Inquiry into the Fall of France in 1940 *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. Maps (Retail price **$12.50**)



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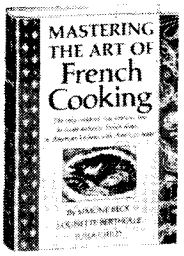

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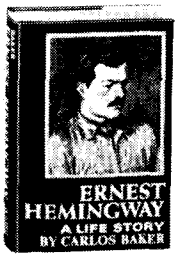
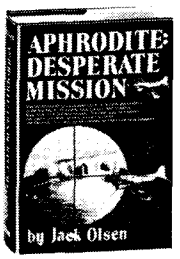


111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY *A Life Story by* CARLOS BAKER. Photos (Retail price **$10**)



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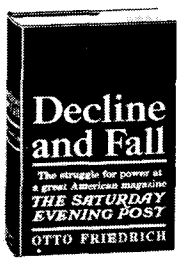

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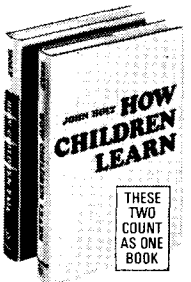
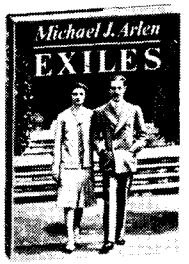


200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total **$9.45**)



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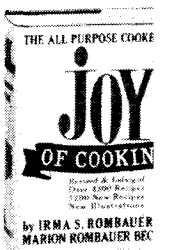

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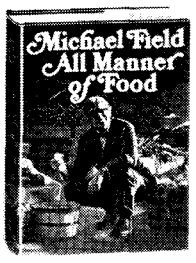
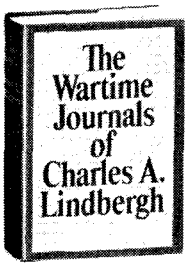


522. ALL MANNER OF *FOOD by* MICHAEL FIELD Illustrated (Retail price **$8.95**)



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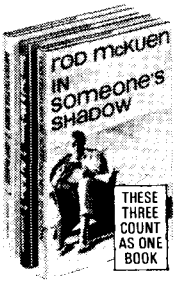
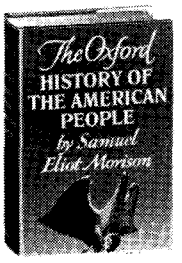
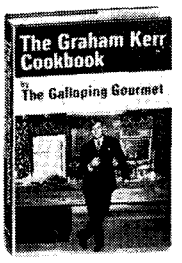


174. IN SOMEONE'S *SHADOW, LISTEN TO* THE WARM, STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MCKUEN. (Retail prices total **$13.50**)



234. THE OXFORD *HISTORY OF THE* AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Retail price **$15**)



130. THE GRAHAM KERR *COOKBOOK by* THE GALLOPING GOURMET Photographs (Retail price **$7.50**)

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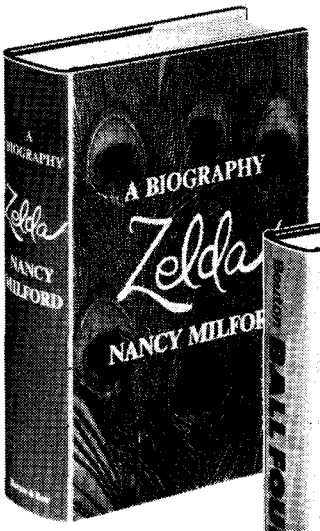

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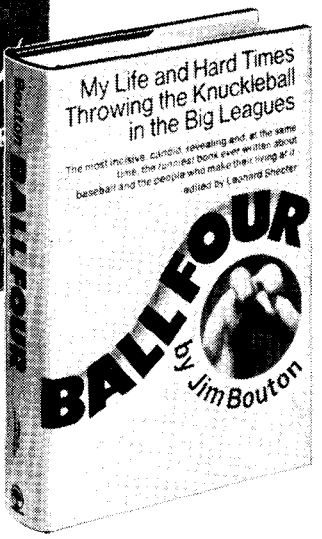

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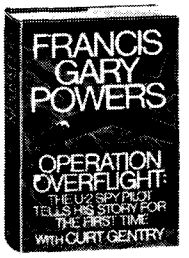
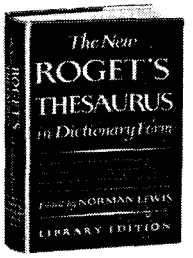
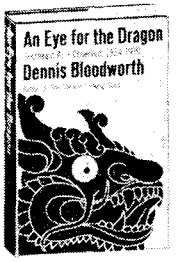
292. LAST THINGS *by* C. P. SNOW (Retail price **$7.95**)



359. OPERATION OVERFLIGHT: The U-2 Spy Pilot Tells His Story for the First Time *by* FRANCIS GARY POWERS *with* CURT GENTRY Photographs (Retail price **$6.95**)



103. THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM *Edited by* NORMAN LEWIS (Retail price **$5.50**)



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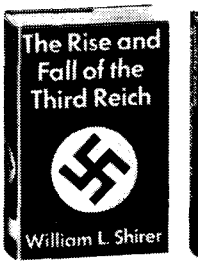
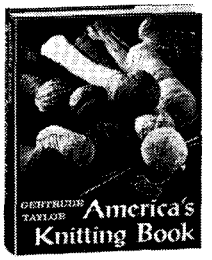


431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price **$15**)



333. AMERICA'S KNITTING BOOK *by* GERTRUDE TAYLOR Illustrated (Retail price **$9.95**)

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Headline of the Week was located by Mrs. J. B. Bunnin in the Berkeley *Daily Gazette*:

SWEDISH DEMONSTRATORS
HURL EGGS, EPITAPHS

A struggle, we presume, of short duration. Meanwhile, our Advertisement of the Week was found by Joan Winterbottom of Farmington, Michigan, in the classified section of the Detroit *News*:

> Automatic bosom shirt girl for laundry—steady work, good pay.

We can see why the pay's good, but we don't like the sound of that steady. Elsewhere, on the matter of the Indian nuns, Joseph Stokes of the Inter American University of Puerto Rico sent us a report from the San Juan *Star*:

> The Vatican denied published charges that many such girls had been maltreated and forced to do mental work.

Well, at least they had *some* decency. Finally, on the auto strike, George Kleinspehn of Frederick, Maryland, found in the local *News* the following:

> The union rejected as "weefully inadequate" contract offers the companies made.

Failed, apparently, to woe them away.

Our Caption of the Week was supplied by Mrs. Glenn Morrow of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. She sent us, from the *Preservation News*, a picture of the Calkins Law Office (1836). Underneath was the caption proper:

> It was recently purchased by Mrs. Mary Styles, the woman who rode the wreckers' ball last winter, in an attempt to stop the demolition of Grand Rapids' City Hall and her husband.

But the thing we want to know is—in what order?

Letter of the Week:

> Dear Mr. Amory,
>
> Mr. Agnew has hit a golfer with a golf ball and a tennis partner with a tennis ball. Depending on viewpoint, one should either strongly urge or strongly discourage him from looking into the growing sport of boomerang throwing.
>
> RICHARD FRENCH,
> Washington, D.C.

On the other side of the political fence, G. Ferguson of Green Bay, Wisconsin, found, in the Green Bay *Press-Gazette*, some disturbing news about Senator Eugene McCarthy:

> The Senator has established residence in a three-story rented townhouse in Georgetown. In the morning he whips into the kitchen and fries lots of bacon to go with his English muffin and own steaks, and mixes a salad while sipping a gin and tonic.
>
> Three times a week he starts the day with a slick game of tennis at the St. Albans Tennis Club, playing with college-age coffee. At night he broils his neighbors who live down the street.

There was disturbing political news, too, in the West. Reader Thomas Casey found, for example, a story in the El Paso *Times* about New Mexico Governor David Cargo:

> Cargo was introduced to the open air fathering of an estimated 300 Indians as a candidate for the U.S. Senate . . .

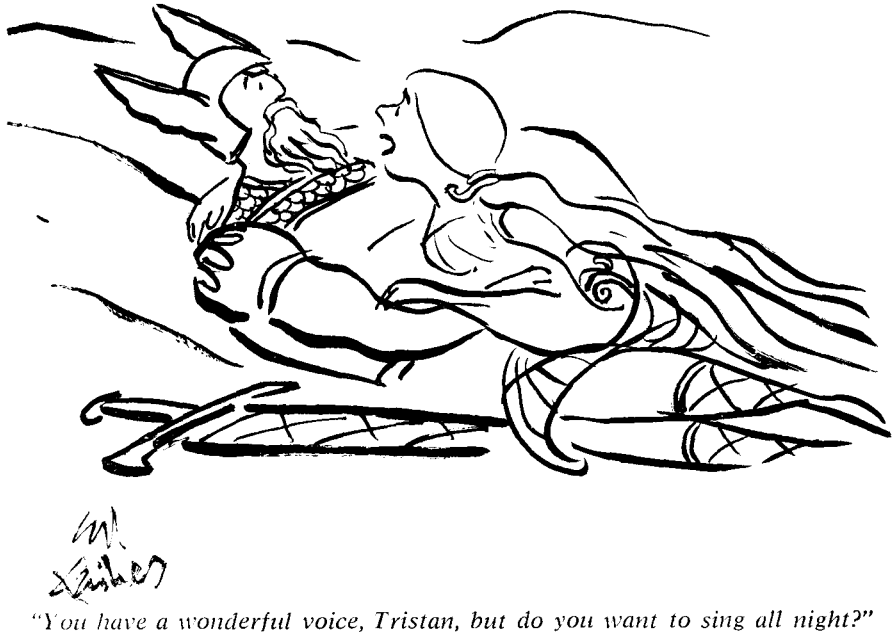
Bring *everything* out in the open, we say, and then everyone will see the necessity of drawing the line *somewhere*.

On the book front, too, the news needed, if not proof, at least proofing. Lou Torok, for example, who signs himself "#129-606 The Convict Writer," from the Chillicothe [Ohio] Correctional Institute, had reason to be concerned about at least one publisher. He sent them an outline for a book. Back came the familiar note: "Thank you, but . . ." And then the signature. "Editorial Department," it said, "Random Horse."

A fine old firm, too—until they started horsing around with RCA. As if this weren't enough, Jack Cass of Minneapolis was worried about Little Brown—in particular an ad they ran in *Time* magazine. "Please send me," the ad read, "copies of *How Babies Are Made* at $3.95 each." "At last," Mr. Cass writes, "one way to beat the high cost of living." Then, too, Mrs. Richard Chatfield of White House Station, New Jersey, found in her local paper her candidate for Author of the Week:

> **IF YOU LOVE BOOKS:** I am a writer, have over ten books published abroad, lots of short stories. I have very favorable reviews from subsidy book publishers. An author should write, not worry about publishing. That is why I offer serious people a share in expected profits of a novel (400 pages) and two books for teen-agers. More to come. Publishers offer over 40 per cent of retail sales price, place ads in leading papers and do everything to promote sales. I could work out an agreement with said publishers, so that you could get a written statement from them. And you can see their report about my books. Investment for three books approx. $10,000. Partly investment possible.

We can see the law suit now—the partly of the first part vs. the partly of the second.



"You have a wonderful voice, Tristan, but do you want to sing all night?"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1903)

WILLIAM MELHORN:
TOKYO COCKTAIL

Some missionaries win converts with their kindness and understanding, others with their knowledge of the language and culture of their mission, while some are scorned because they make no attempt to understand the people they come to save, but think only in terms of their own experience.

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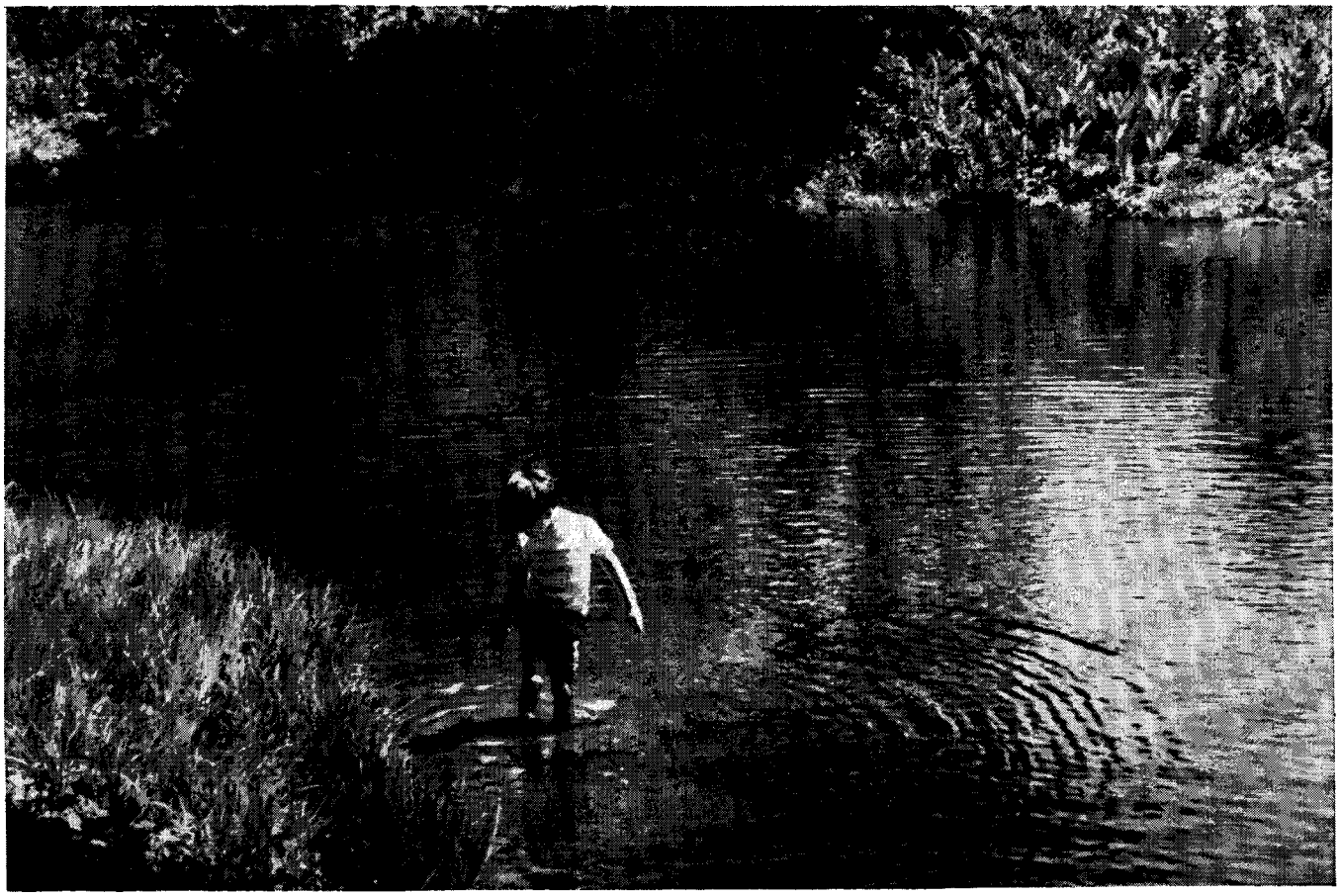


a sense of wonder

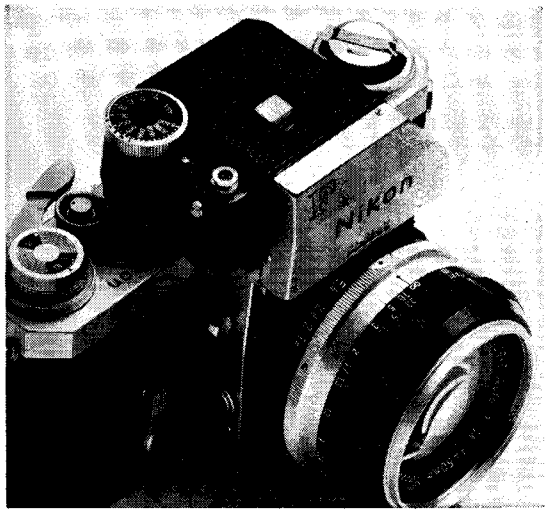
It's your first, fresh impression. Your ability to see spontaneously, and to delight in the seeing. It's a sense of wonder.

Artists kept this sense. That's why they are artists.

In the striving and the earning, the commuting and the rushing, you may have forgotten how to really see. Forgotten the simple joy of looking at beauty, and perhaps preserving it.

But you can recapture this sense of wonder. Through photography. The most significant camera for such purposes is the Nikon F. As 35mm photography has become the favorite tool of professional photographers, so too has the Nikon become their favorite camera.

So if you would recapture your own sense of wonder, choose the camera that lets you express yourself more easily and with greater freedom than any other. It will never stand between you and the artist in you.



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THE ART OF SICILY

Hercules killing an Amazon—a metope from Selinunte.

by KATHARINE KUH

That any art in Sicily has survived the brutality of man and nature is astonishing, but then Sicily is astonishing. Small, compact, incredibly beautiful and varied, this dot of land has withstood horrendous earthquakes, searing volcanic eruptions, and one invasion after another. Like all strategically placed islands, it has been vulnerable as a crossroad and invaluable as a military base. Its stubborn recuperative powers are a mute testimony to the vitality that enlivened layer upon layer of cross-fertilized art. In Palermo, an anonymous fifteenth-century fresco called *The Triumph of Death* acts as an apocalyptic summary of the island's ordeals. Some historians feel the painting depicts the Black Death, a bubonic scourge that lashed the land intermittently, but more likely it reflects the whole range of Sicily's assorted catastrophes.

Often desecrated and always exploited, the land and its monuments were rooted in change. Conquest from the outside, dissension within, city against city, baronial family against family, peasant against urbanite, Moslem against Christian, invader against invader—this kaleidoscopic discord at once stimulated and decimated Sicily's exotic hybrid art. Yet, much remains, far too much to see and savor in the usual tourist haste. Palermo and Syracuse alone are so richly endowed that a week's visit to either barely scratches the surface. From myriad prehistoric tombs, Greek and Roman ruins, Byzantine mosaics, Arab domes, Norman cathedrals, and baroque churches, the history of Sicily unreels in dizzying succession.

Excess in the best sense of the word is rife, especially in the lavishness of a landscape that understandably affected the island's art. Spectacular cliffs of sheer rock, wild flowers growing in vast tapestries of Fauve color, roadsides banked with Gauguin pinks and oranges, fields of blossoming alfalfa dyeing mountainsides red make the land itself a glowing mirage not unlike the multicolored inlaid marble that shimmers in Palermo churches. Sicily's topography is as varied as the list of its conquerors, languages, religions, and cultures. The rapidly fluctuating landscape, often enhanced by an azure Mediterranean, can be lyrical or rugged, green or gaunt, fertile or arid, tender or hostile.

Few parts of the world offer such abundant interpenetrations of art and such unique monuments in an area readily accessible and comfortably circumscribed. Why more Americans do not come is puzzling, unless too many tales of the Mafia and too little knowledge of Sicily's treasures are possible explanations. At Piazza Armerina, the finest extant Roman mosaics are laid out in breath-taking profusion, while matchless, late Byzantine ones proliferate in Palermo, Monreale, and Cefalù. At Gela, recent excavations have unearthed the best preserved and most spectacular Greek fortifications in existence. Not to be outdone either are such superb, rarely visited baroque towns as Modica, Ragusa, and especially Noto. As for the Cathedral of Monreale, it ranks with the greatest in Europe.

The country is full of contradictions, contrasts, and unexpected continuities. Milazzo's medieval castle looks down on modern oil refineries glistening in the sun. Seen from a distance, both are singularly romantic. The relatively recent discovery of oil has virtually changed the face of Sicily, not to mention the condition of its people. Catania, approached from the south through a forest of tanks and chimneys, bulges with heavy baroque churches. In one block alone three massive eighteenth-century basilicas proclaim the power of the church as they also provide an unlikely *mise en scène* for bustling present-day crowds. Near Gela, likewise recently enriched by oil, three kinds of military fortifications, separated in time by more than 2,000 years and located within a few miles of each other, capsulize the history of man's favorite occupation. Here, splendid reinforced Greek walls face the sea, romantic medieval forts top neighboring hills, and drab World War II gun emplacements pock the land. Of the three, only the gun emplacements are without distinction.

Moving through Sicily, one rarely follows its history in chronological order, for geography is not that obliging, but, since each new foreign culture grafted itself on to

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Selinunte—"conceived on a scale so stupefying as to defy the earthquakes that have reduced it to a gigantic rock pile."

earlier ones, the island's art developed with an inescapable rhythm, a rhythm almost always imposed from outside. Sometimes, as at Lipari, the site may have been occupied more or less continuously from Neolithic times through Greek, Roman, Norman, and Spanish take-overs. Lipari, largest of the seven Aeolian Islands located off the northeast coast of Sicily, is also the most interesting archeologically, though each lifts out of the sea with ghostly pride. The acropolis at Lipari recalls a Near Eastern tell, its different prehistoric and classical remains encompassing some thirty feet of successive civilizations.

For me, however, the greatest prehistoric ruins in Sicily honeycomb the craggy mountains of Pantalica, a region about an hour's drive from Syracuse. Hewn directly into live rock, these thousands of Sicel caves from the second millenium before Christ represent one of the most mysterious necropolises ever conceived. How this primitive people, who probably migrated to Sicily from mainland Italy, was able with only the crudest tools to hollow out deep chambers (sometimes replete with anterooms) in seemingly impenetrable perpendicular cliffs will forever remain a secret. Like many ancient people, they buried their dead in the loneliest and, let me add, safest tombs imaginable, a fact that may explain why evidences of death so often survive evidences of life. Little is known about the Sicels, but occasional remnants of round or oval Bronze Age residential huts suggest their homes were less protected and less impressive than their tombs. One of three caves in the Grotto of Addaura near Palermo also adds to our meager knowledge of prehistoric Sicily. Here, human figures, rare in the art of this period, represent hunters and warriors involved in what resembles a ritualistic phallic dance. Hands and feet are strangely nonexistent, but the drawing is so assured we cannot blame anatomical omissions on technical naïveté. Who produced these recently discovered carvings and what they mean are still unsolved riddles.

It was not, however, prehistoric peoples who left an in-

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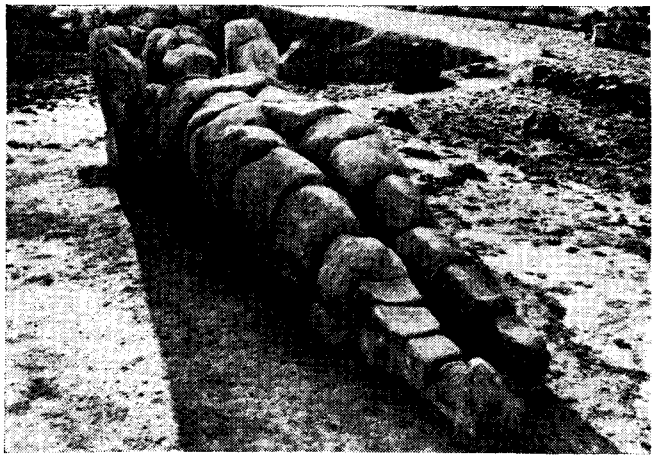
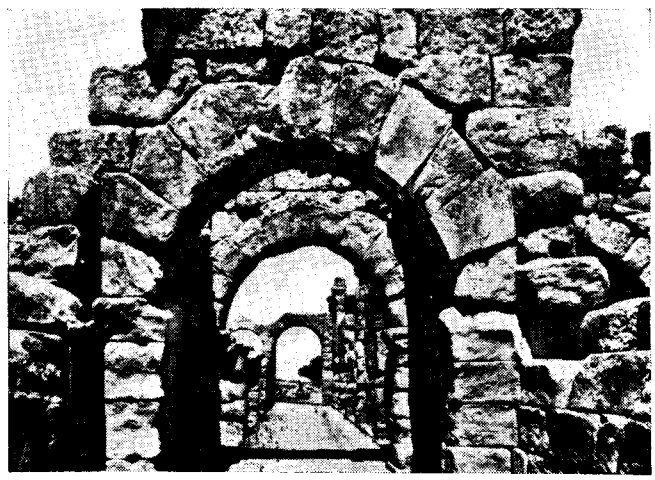
Ruins at Selinunte—"mountainous heaps of broken columns and capitals."

delible mark on Sicily; it was their successors, the Greeks, who already in the eighth century B.C. were colonizing the island. Their measured harmonious temples dispersed over much of the land imply a serene existence, but nothing could be further from the truth. Incessant class and intercity wars were the order of the day. How the Greeks managed to build so ambitiously during these upheavals merely points up their versatility and their dependence on a plentiful supply of slaves. Although we tend to romanticize every fluted column seen against a blazing sky, all Greek temples are not equally interesting. Unless they are animated by noble proportions and a liberating sense of space, they can lapse into overrational stereotypes. Many visitors rhapsodize over the unfinished temple at Segesta, but I found it less convincing than Selinunte. True, Segesta is better preserved and more majestically located on a hill overlooking a wide landscape that recalls Greece as, indeed, so much of Sicily does. Yet, Segesta seems a bit stunted, a bit cramped architecturally. Selinunte, on the other hand, was conceived on a scale so stupefying as to defy the earthquakes that have reduced it to a gigantic rock pile. Everything at Selinunte is gargantuan.

The Greeks of Sicily, obsessed with extravagant dimensions, tended to build more grandiosely than their kinsmen at home, no doubt precisely because they were colonists and forever bent on outpacing their origins. An exaggerated case of provincial ego is the tyrant Hiero II's 600-foot altar to Zeus in Syracuse, a third century B.C. leviathan dedicated to the sacrifice of animals, hundreds of which must have been slaughtered at single ceremonies. In contrast, a nearby Greek theater (the most memorable in Sicily) is not only big but beautiful, its refined curves echoing the rocky hillside from which it was carved. As for Selinunte, it is impressive both for its staggering scale and the handsome sculpture produced there. Mountainous heaps of broken columns and capitals suggest that here by the sea once stood the largest of all Greek temples. Surrounded by other immense buildings (now in ruins), this giant must have startled the Carthaginians when they arrived to invade the settlement. Today, little more than a desolate heap, these ruins nonetheless conjure up an ancient world of exhilarat-



The surviving telamone at Agrigento —"a strangely hypnotic presence."



Tindari—"heavy cadenced arches . . . strictly Roman."

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ing magnitude. From one partially restored temple at Selinunte come the finest extant Greek carvings in Sicily, a group of metopes presently on view in Palermo's National Archeological Museum. The sculpture, free from all provincialisms and as expertly articulated as fine Attic reliefs, is doubly unusual because few important early carvings have been found on the island, possibly due to a lack of native marble.

The only sizable bronze figure also comes from Selinunte. A tautly alive image of a youth, it has optimistically been attributed to Phidias, although stylistically it appears to be an earlier work or more likely that of a gifted provincial artist. For greater security, the piece was moved to Castelvetrano, a nearby town, and installed there in the *municipio*, from which it was stolen in 1963 and miraculously returned five years later. Even more improbable was the theft a few months ago of a large Caravaggio *Nativity* from the Oratory of San Lorenzo in Palermo. This masterpiece, alas, has not been returned. Both works are far too renowned to be salable. One can only think of ransom and ponder the source of these sensational robberies.

Many visitors skip Selinunte, but most include Agrigento, a main stop on any tourist circuit, though unaccountably the circuit often omits outstanding attractions. This is not to say, however, that Agrigento should be by-passed. Quite the contrary, but neither should Selinunte. The Concordia, one of five fifth-century B.C. temples (originally there were nine) that dapple Agrigento's landscape with graceful columns, is in unexpectedly good condition only because it was early incorporated into the structure of a Christian church, a not uncommon if ironic practice in Sicily. Second only to Syracuse, which was once second only to Athens, Agrigento became a favorite subject of Pindar who lived there for a time and extolled its beauties, many of which owed much to Rhodes, Athens, and Egypt. The most original building, the Temple of Zeus (now considerably demolished), particularly recalls Egypt with its massive columns solidly attached to an unorthodox screen wall. The huge temple was decorated with twenty-five-foot high telamones (male caryatids), only one of which survives. Pieced together and stretched out on the ground near the temple's immense altar, this colossus, like those of Egypt, has a strangely hypnotic presence. Even more than the forests of smashed columns and architraves, it tells us of the Greek's indomitable drive for power, a drive we tend to minimize when traveling in Greece where man-made extremism is much less rampant.

I do not know why certain antiquities move me more than others, but the prevailing quiet and absence of viewers at many Sicilian sites unquestionably weighted the scales. I recall a visit to Gela where Greek fortifications stretch along the sea for a good quarter mile and where not another soul was present, offering a unique experience to enjoy "private" ruins on a prodigal scale. Buried for centuries under protective sand dunes (the only time nature gave art a helping hand in Sicily), these newly exposed defenses are in almost perfect condition and provide an uncommon opportunity to see the skillful workmanship that went into Greek stonecutting and into the careful meshing together of each stone block and sun-dried brick.

In the interior of Sicily another silent ruin is still being excavated. Both Princeton and the University of Illinois have sent teams of archeologists to work at Morgantina, a wide site spread out in orderly precision. At first a prehistoric settlement, it later went through various Greek

Christ Pantocrator at Cefalù: "History has produced few stronger father figures."

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Byzantine mosaic, Monreale—"Bible stories come alive."

A medieval capital in the cloister of Monreale.

phases, and now offers the occasional visitor a sense of continuation from culture to culture. One can stand on a sloping hill, where Greeks built gracious houses with colonnaded courts, and look down on a settlement lucidly organized around a central square flanked by porticoes, a gymnasium, and a race track. Astutely exploiting the contour of the land, Morgantina includes a stepped agora, public offices, a communal granary, and a theater again cut directly into live rock. The whole layout is a graphic résumé of Greek priorities. Inveterate city planners, these people knew how to select a site (as a rule, an incomparable one) and then how to use it with the utmost efficiency.

Even before visiting Morgantina I had learned about it in New York from Dr. Joseph Caltagirone whose native town, Aidone, is situated nearby. His interest in the excavation and in the thousands of coins, pots, and figurines discovered there triggered his zeal for a local museum. A building in Aidone has already been set aside and partial funds raised so that eventually Morgantina's resources can be properly protected and exhibited, for pilfering at unattended sites is a constant menace. Last spring, a young American archeologist showed me the best finds, many of local origin, but more had been imported from outside the island or, not infrequently, from other parts of Sicily. The Greeks were incurably mobile.

Although Taormina is habitually considered the showplace of Sicily, its setting is no more spectacular than that of Tindari, a little known settlement straddling a soaring perpendicular promontory that looks down on the sea via a jagged precipice on one side and a lilting valley on the other. Bronze Age, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine remains act as a brief compendium of the past, but it is the Greek with a strong Roman overlay that takes precedence, permitting us to see in detail the collision of two distinct styles. Greek architectural roots are visible everywhere, yet the addition of heavy cadenced arches is strictly Roman. Like other theaters in Sicily, the one at Tindari originated with the Greeks, but was later modified by the Romans, who removed several lower tiers of seats to provide a larger performing area. In so doing, they marred the purity and continuous flow of the original design, but they were, to be sure, less interested in Greek tragedies than in gladiatorial spectacles.

Unquestionably, the island's crowning Roman remains are found near Piazza Armerina, where an extraordinary array of mosaics cover almost an acre of floor space in a sprawling hunting lodge. Pictorial, lively, literal, but not literary, these pagan genre scenes have the quality of brilliant folk art as in pavement after pavement they describe the life of the times from chariot races to children's games, from patron deities to female athletes, from African hunting forays to fishing trips, from banquets to circuses. More informal, more human, yet less humanistic than Greek art, the mosaics, dating probably from the fourth century A.D., are especially successful when they concentrate on ecstatic children and wildly active animals pulsing with life. A second historic Roman monument is, of course, the theater at Taormina, sometimes mistakenly referred to as Greek, but a glance at its heavy brick arcades and extensive performing area leaves little doubt as to its origins, though partial foundations may date back to Greece. The location also suggests Greece, for this theater, one of the largest in the Roman Empire, was sublimely situated with sea and smoking Etna unfurled before it. Like Delphi, the site is bathed in magic, but Taormina's theater is more aggressively solid, more a tangible symbol of pragmatic power than that at Delphi.

Sicily swarms with museums, generally small and archeologically oriented, such as the antiquarium planned for Morgantina or the already existing one at Tindari, where a titanic Roman head and two Hellenistic carvings of agitated drapery relieve the usual repetitious supply of shards, amphorae, lamps, pots, and molds that often mean more to anthropologists than to art enthusiasts. Among these visual documents, however, there are always occasional works of high esthetic merit. Take the National Museum at Gela, which shows its wares in well-lighted modern surroundings and is memorable for a superlative Greek sculpture of a horse's head appropriately encountered in Gela, once the island's best horse-breeding region.

In the interior of Sicily, Caltagirone, a town long noted for its ceramics, has an entire museum devoted to this medium. The collections, starting with prehistoric examples and continuing through Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Saracen, Norman, baroque, and nineteenth-century vases, urns, plates, plaques, lamps, and figurines, are admirably displayed in modern three-dimensional settings. The web of Sicily's complicated history is traced through the clay pots dug up from native soil, for even the humblest ceramic fragment can unlock important secrets. That Caltagirone's museum is rarely visited seems a waste, for such intelligently organized, intensive surveys are as illuminating as they are scarce.

The two best museums on the island are in Palermo.

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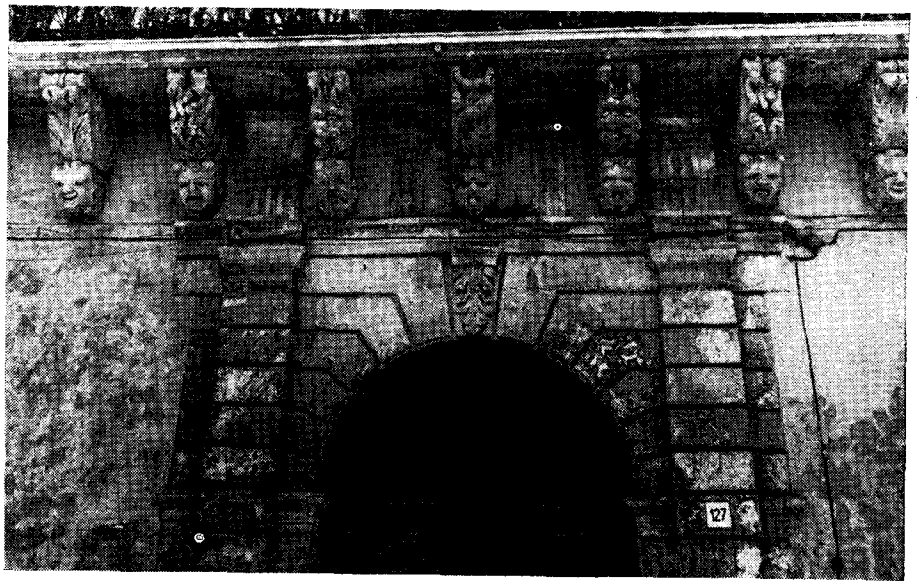
Antonello da Messina's "Annunciation"



Palazzolo Acreide—"alive with a block-long frieze of fantastic caricature heads."

Among other attractions they include the aforementioned Selinunte metopes and the fifteenth-century *Triumph of Death*, plus an extensive collection of Etruscan sculpture and an ineffably beautiful *Annunciation* by Antonello da Messina, rightly considered Sicily's pre-eminent painter, although much of his life was spent elsewhere in Italy. His cool, crisp, impeccable brush seems somewhat off-beat for Sicily where everything and everyone explodes in endearing redundancy. Three other paintings by Antonello are scattered throughout the island, but only one has escaped the brutal restorations that ravage so many canvases in Sicilian museums. On a narrow street in Cefalù, a small art gallery stars Antonello's inscrutable *Portrait of a Man*, which, like his flawless *Annunciation*, suggests strong Flemish influence. The Sicilian painter, however, probed the human condition more insistently than the Northern artists he admired. Urbane, introspective, and enigmatic, he was a total individualist whose secret withdrawn works assure him top billing even in Italy's illustrious pantheon.

A visit to Messina's national museum is an eerie experience, for no city in Sicily has been more ruthlessly pulverized by pestilence, earthquakes, tidal waves, ancient wars, and modern bombs. Scarcely a trace remains of Messina's wonderful baroque architecture or of its luminous inlaid marble decorations. The spacious Duomo, effectively destroyed by an Allied fire bomb in 1943, has been lovingly reconstructed, even to a theatrical procession of sixteenth-century life-size statues by Montorsoli of Genoa. Yet, the facsimile is too orderly, too dutiful; the madness is gone. Sicily's collective identification with its past glory is scarcely surprising; the island's lifeblood was poured out on it.

Now one visits Messina specifically to see two masterpieces by Caravaggio casually displayed in a lonely museum. *The Adoration of the Shepherds* and *The Raising of Lazarus* are not routine religious compositions, although they are concerned with familiar biblical themes. Caravaggio's manipulation of threatening figures in interacting groups presents a world peculiarly relevant to our own. Because each character acts as the embodiment of a basic emotional drive, we rediscover ourselves both individually and generically. His physically, psychologically interlocked personages become distillations (not symbols) of a complex society where cataclysmic conflicts destroy and renew life at the same time. Always a lordly painter, he was capable of brilliant pyrotechnics, but in Sicily for some unknown reason he also became a compassionate observer. These later works of his were infused with deep moral fervor, an anomaly since his scandalous personal behavior had only recently forced him to flee from Rome. At Syracuse in the shabby church of Santa Lucia another major painting by Caravaggio flickers in dim light. Despite its layers of aging varnish, the picture gradually emerges to reveal a cavernous background in which ominous attendants witness the tragic beheading of Santa Lucia, the patron saint of Syracuse. Many Caravaggio fans, myself included, rate his Sicilian paintings as his greatest.

In Sicily, other artists from the mainland are also seen to their best advantage. Francesco Laurana's ineluctably beautiful *Madonna and Child* makes the hour's drive from Syracuse to Palazzolo Acreide mandatory even if this town did not offer in addition fine Greek and Roman ruins (among them a strange series of deities carved directly into the mountainside), baroque churches, and a palace alive with a block-long frieze of fantastic caricature heads. Yet, it is Laurana's white marble sculpture that prevails. Placed high, as it should be, in a seedy provincial church, the pensive Virgin, touched both by Gothic containment and Renaissance candor, still owes much to Greece. Moreover, Greece reappears constantly in Sicily. Take Palazzolo Acreide alone. Columns undulating with vines at the Church of the Annunziata recall similar Hellenistic fantasies, while the frieze of grotesque heads descends directly from archaic and Hellenistic gargoyles. Although Antonello and Caravaggio developed no followers in Sicily, Laurana strongly influenced Antonello Gagini, the island's outstanding indigenous sixteenth-century artist, who played an important role not alone because of his sensitive carvings but because he was one of Sicily's few distinguished homegrown sculptors.

Long before these men worked in Sicily, however, the island had been radically transformed and, one might say, prepared for them by a confluence of Arab, Byzantine, and Norman cultures intermingling to create an exuberant crossbreed. In the cathedrals of Monreale and Cefalù, at Palermo in chapels such as the Martorana or the Palatina, this mixture produced magnificent mosaics and marble inlays. Specific Saracen monuments are more difficult to come by (Christianity saw to that), though a few remain in Palermo, but it is the small compact towns in the west, colorless except for banners of multicolored wash, that best revive memories of the Arabs. Here, buildings mount up in cubist formation, their bare walls interrupted by only an occasional window or door. Like all Arab architecture these settlements take on the coloration of the land and actually become an extension of it, except in cases

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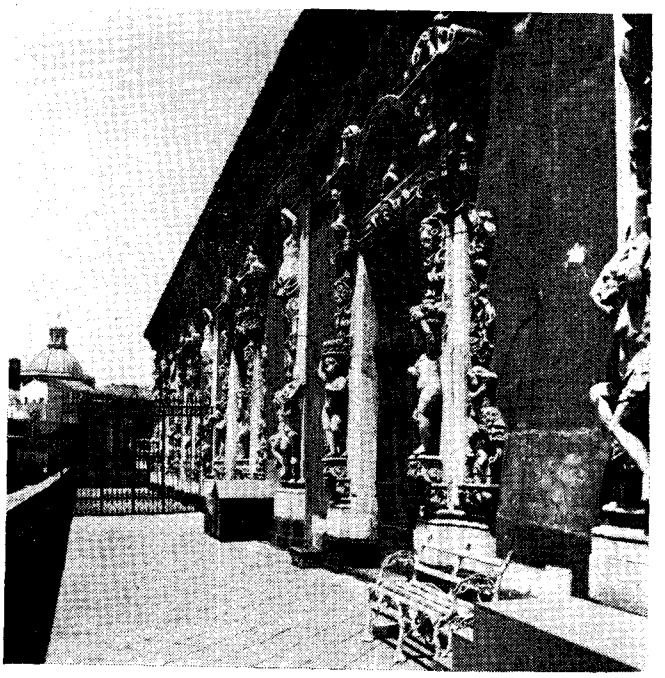
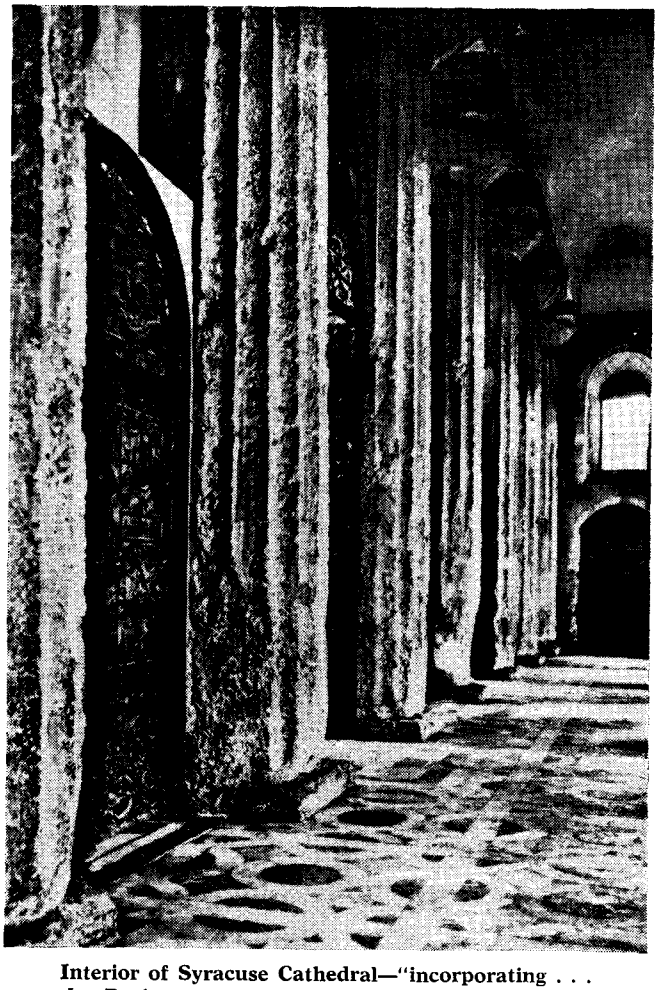


Palazzo Biscari, Catania—"so deliriously rococo as to provide graphic evidence of late feudal intemperances."



Interior of Syracuse Cathedral—"incorporating . . . the Doric columns of an ancient Greek temple."

(and there are many) where commonplace modern high-rise apartments destroy the homogeneity. Today, Sicily is building frantically but without distinction.

Nothing I read about Monreale prepared me for this sumptuous Norman cathedral where structure and surface are masterfully integrated, where West and Near East meet on equal terms. Mosaics of the Old Testament and the New are held together by repetitions of color—golds, blues, and poignant whites. Bible stories come alive despite or because of passionate veracity. As the finest remaining twelfth-century mosaics in existence — superior even to those in Byzantine countries or in Venice—the ones at Monreale are the apotheosis of medieval know-how and authority. Spatially, too, Monreale is regal from its towering interior to its inimitable cloister where hundreds of slender columns are topped by carved capitals, each different. Acting as a dazzling display of medieval sculpture *in situ*, the capitals recapitulate the best of Near Eastern ivory carvings, Romanesque manuscript illuminations, and Byzantine mosaics. In Sicily, recapitulation becomes a form of creation, as different cultures continually borrow from and fuse with one another. The cathedral at Cefalù is also a lavish Norman structure but cannot compete in scale or detail with Monreale's, which was built fifty years later. Yet, Cefalù's all-embracing Christ Pantocrator looking down from the dome of the apse is the most renowned single mosaic on the island. History has produced few stronger father figures.

Sicily leaped full-fledged from the Middle Ages into the seventeenth century, thus eliminating a good part of the Renaissance. Natural disasters caused this hiatus less than finances, for during the years that the Renaissance was transforming Europe, Sicily was suffering a severe economic slump and was in no condition to institute costly new building programs. For the same reason, baroque art and architecture arrived late and only after Spanish rule was well established with Naples as its headquarters. Then a flood of opulent buildings, emotive sculpture, wrought-iron balconies, and sweeping double staircases engulfed the land. Baroque and rococo Sicily is on a prolific and princely scale. Anthony Blunt's excellent book *Sicilian Baroque* should accompany every intelligent traveler, for with its help one is less apt to overlook out-of-the-way masterworks that enliven many unlikely towns. Margaret Guido's exemplary *Archeological Guide* and a new Viking *History of Sicily* in three volumes (the first by M. I. Finley, the other two by Denis Mack Smith) are also recommended reading for the layman who wants to see more than the usual tourist fare.

Temperamentally, the island's operatic landscape and people were ideally suited to baroque extremes, extremes that owed much to the earlier Norman synthesis. Present-day citizens with unfailing warmth exude the same noisy excitement that animates the figures on their baroque churches. In the vestibule of San Benedetto at Catania a group of white marble angels, welcoming us into the church with a zeal more theatrical than religious, mirror daily street scenes in modern Sicily. Everyone is expansive, melodramatic, and demonstrative; so, too, is the island's irrepressible baroque architecture. For the best facades one goes to Ragusa, Modica, and Noto, where Sicily's leading architect, Rosario Gagliardi, designed buildings that move up as they move in and out—but always up. His counterpoint of sensuous curves playing against angles, protrusions, and recessions is like a tumultuous controlled dialogue. Gagliardi's structures, usually made of golden orange stone, spiral toward the sky as one voluptuous form springs from and feeds another. Statues designed to be viewed from below contribute organically to the buildings they decorate. Typical is Ragusa's famed San Giorgio where every element melds with the next—wrought-iron

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Cathedral of Syracuse—"a triumphant baroque facade."

gates, mounting steps, receding columns, recessed curves, gesticulating sculpture—and over it all dances the sharp chiaroscuro that inevitably accompanies such aggressive indentations and outcroppings.

Although Ragusa and Modica, both built on several levels along step hillsides, present handsome facades at every turn, it is Noto that endures as perhaps the only complete baroque city still intact. Destroyed by the earthquake of 1693, the town was later completely rebuilt around three main piazzas. Splendid convents, churches, and palaces, especially the Palazzo Villadorata, decorated with the island's best array of grotesque carvings, make a golden ensemble where each building, street, and square has been planned as an integral part of the whole. To spotlight individual structures is futile since the entire city is a living museum, and, though an easy drive from Syracuse, it is still relatively undiscovered tourist territory.

For some reason the overabundance of churches in Noto is less oppressive than in Catania where honking cars, ebullient citizens, screaming children, and speeding motorcycles hardly synchronize with formal domes and colonnades reminiscent of baroque Rome, the city where Catania's leading architect, Giovanni Battista Vaccarini, was trained. The concentration of monumental churches, some of them, like Vaccarini's stately Santa Agata, equally resplendent inside and out, is almost obscene when one considers the sacrifices that made this surfeit possible and that still maintain it. Yet, these buildings tell us more about the period than could a library of history books. Catania's Palazzo Biscari, designed by the gifted local architect Francesco Battaglia, is so deliriously rococo as to provide graphic evidence of late feudal intemperances. Outside the palazzo, a terrace and pavilions laced with intricate *chinoiserie*, inside a *salone* sprouting stucco arabesques plus a trompe-l'oeil staircase with grotto-like excrescences, made the palace an admirable setting for its privileged and pampered owners; likewise for the experimental modern theater that now operates there.

Even more riotous are certain Palermo interiors. For a supremely hallucinated phantasma of mellow marble inlay one must visit Santa Caterina or the Casa Professa of the Jesuits. Both are spellbinders, their inventive exploitation of this multicolored stone varying from bible scenes to *putti*, from acanthus leaves to a deceptively realistic geometry. The eye falters; almost too much is expected of it. In Palermo, where a month's stay would hardly exhaust the city's store of baroque wonders, one comes to understand why the art of this period is at its best when based either on formalized amplitudes or on riotous flamboyance. Nothing in between seems to work. Sicily's greatest stuccoist, Giacomo Serpotta, represents both extremes in his three Palermo oratories. A super technician and an accomplished sculptor, he was in spirit the incarnation of baroque ambivalence, sometimes producing an art of almost classical stability, sometimes an art of illusory and delusory apparitions. His Oratory of San Lorenzo with its heroic stucco figures expostulating from walls, niches, and even from benches (in the latter case painted to resemble bronze supports) is still faintly conventional, but the Oratory of Santa Zita is an intoxicated mélange. Here exultant cherubs amid fluttering drapery combine with historical and New Testament scenes to obliterate all traces of interior walls. Serpotta's chapel is a chimera of organized excess. The third oratory, that of San Domenico, includes a large altarpiece by Van Dyck, who spent two years in Palermo ostensibly to paint the Viceroy's portrait. His dark traditional canvas of the Madonna with San Domenico comes as something of a surprise ensconced in Serpotta's fantastic stucco setting.

But such surprises are routine in Sicily. One goes to Castelvetrano to see a famous Greek sculpture and unexpectedly encounters the sixteenth-century forerunner of Serpotta, Antonio Ferraro, who decorated that town's Church of San Domenico with an explosion of painted stucco. In the same church, I recall an altar cloth of lace that was no more convincing than the trompe-l'oeil marble carving of lace directly above it. One goes to Monreale to see the Cathedral only to discover nearby in the Collegio Antiquo a masterwork (hidden, I must admit, under a dirty white bed sheet) by the Sicilian artist, Pietro Novelli, who, having studied with van Dyck, mellowed this Flemish influence with warm Italian textures. In Palermo's courtly Park of the Favorita another jolt, for here in an eighteenth-century pavilion filled with bastard Chinese whimsies Nelson and Lady Hamilton are reputed to have lived. Indeed, the whole island teems with capricious villas and summer palaces, several usually belonging to the same wealthy family. Of these the most extraordinary is the Villa Palagonia at Bagheria near Palermo. Surrounded by a jungle of demented grostesque carvings and graced inside by luxurious marbled walls and mirrored ceilings, the residence speaks volubly of the indulgence, decadence, and sophisticated taste that animated eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Sicily.

It was in Syracuse at a festival for the city's patron saint that the full meaning of baroque space became clear, for through narrow streets the faithful carried on high a life-size golden effigy of Santa Lucia. Wrought-iron balconies crowded with spectators now had a raison d'être, and so too did the great liberating piazza in front of the cathedral. The ceremony reached its climax when a sea of people crowded into the capacious church, itself a remarkable tour de force, successfully incorporating as it does the Doric columns of an ancient Greek temple, the remains of an Early Christian basilica, and a triumphant baroque facade. What better microcosm of Sicily.

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For Men Who Want to Be Indignant

A plan was announced by the Department of Defense to transport poison nerve gases to a dock for loading onto a freighter and dumping at sea. The result was an eruption of public indignation and protest, the intensity of which increased with the proximity to the route of transport.

There was little national indignation, however, over something infinitely more horrifying—and that is the manufacture and existence of the gases themselves. For these weapons are only part of a much larger arsenal that includes massive quantities of disease germs bred to withstand any known antibiotics or other disease-fighting drugs. Forms of cholera and botulism far more deadly than those causing plagues in the past have been concocted in the nation's laboratories. An anti-cholinesterase substance has been devised that is so powerful that a pencil point of it on the human skin can produce a heart attack.

The people who were worried over the passage of the dangerous nerve gases through their countryside have a right to their indignation. But where is the national indignation over the fact that these weapons, and others even more horrifying, are being made for use against human beings in warfare? Can any conception of the national security possibly justify the decision to make these weapons? Or is America's security threatened even more by the kind of mentality that commits the United States to such undertakings?

Similarly, people throughout the world have been shocked by the succession of airplane hijackings and bombings, with passengers used as hostages to achieve political goals. The one aspect of the hijackings that has particularly terrified the world's people is the utter vulnerability of a plane in midair to any armed madman or zealot. But where is the indignation and concern over the fact that all life on this planet right now is fast approaching the point where a madman or zealot can set it afire? The total vulnerability of an airplane is exceeded only by the total vulnerability of Spaceship Earth, as Buckminster Fuller has aptly termed it. Explosives of cataclysmic force are already on board the spaceship. What makes the situation even more terrifying than the hijacking of a commercial plane is that the control posts are not barred to psychotics. History is stained with the marks of madmen at the heads of governments. The only thing that has kept many of these men from doing more harm than they did was lack of more power. Would Adolf Hitler, in those last desperate days of World War II, have hesitated to use weapons of world holocaust if they had been at his disposal? These weapons now exist.

Even men who are completely rational when coming to high office may crack under unremitting pressure. Or they may be surrounded by men who have a greater taste for the use of power than for the control of it. Or they may find themselves in situations where, in the name of the national interest, they may become involved in an unstoppable chain of events that can blow up a large part of the world. The central fact here is that the means to do so are at hand; and men so far have never resisted any means accessible to them at times of desperation or even high purpose.

Most serious of all—and here the analogy to the vulnerability of an airliner has its most horrifying relevance—is that there is no certain way to prevent weapons of world holocaust from falling into the hands of irresponsible men, even though they may be far down the ladder of authority. In the United States, for example, an elaborate system has been devised to enable this nation to retaliate no matter how devastating a surprise attack may be, and no matter how many of the nation's decision-makers may be killed in a first strike. The system calls for progressive decentralization of authority for purposes of retaliation. Missiles with thermonuclear warheads can be sent on their way by men who are stationed at individual "silos" where the big missiles are located.

At each of these silos—and there are hundreds of them throughout the United States—the authority for activating the missiles reposes in four men. Each of these men possesses one key. It takes four keys to launch the weapons. Question: What happens if the entire group decides to launch the missiles? Would Sirhan Sirhan shrink back from the prospect of assassinating a nation or even the world if he discoverd a way of doing so?

The stark fact about our age is that we have carried forward into the present all the weaknesses and dangerous habits that have made life precarious and volatile in the past. But today's combustibles have a totality they never had in the past. The result is that we live in an age of total vulnerability where power is absolute and control is hypothetical. Indeed, the greatest danger of all is that the cockpit is unoccupied and that there are no world controls at all.

Here, then, is a supremely appropriate and essential subject for public indignation. The challenge to men in our time is whether they can become aroused not just over small but over large dangers, whether they can perceive universal problems as well as particularized ones, whether they can become as concerned over their survival as a species as they are over their jobs. The responsible passage of men through history and the safe movement of society call for at least as much attention as is now given to passengers in flight. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Human Warehouses

I READ Robert McQueen's article "Larry: Case History of a Mistake" [*SR*, Sept. 12] with a mounting despair close to tears. As a psychologist, I am all too familiar with the institutional half-life to which we manage to condemn so many of our fellow creatures. The combination of a venal physician and a guilt-ridden mother resulted in the atrophy of a young life in an isolated institution. There are doubtless many such cases where blame can be traced to a family indifferent to the welfare of a child or an aged parent.

But in a way, such special cases are the exception. My despair arises from the *typical* situation where all concerned are presumably acting in the best interests of the patient, and yet the end result is just as dismal as with Larry; a human being is put on the shelf and forgotten, and his aspirations wither and atrophy to the size of the narrow institution that confines him.

My quarrel is with the miserable quality of the social institutions that surround us: the so-called reform schools that don't correct, the so-called mental hospitals that don't cure, the prisons that turn out a more antisocial product than they take in, and the nursing homes that neglect their elderly patients. We have too many such "human warehouses," staffed by underpaid and poorly trained personnel going through the motions of their duties to collect a paycheck and directed by second-rate, indifferent managers.

The effects on the inmates of this smothering institutionalization, whether they be juvenile delinquents, mental patients, old people, or prisoners, are similar. There is a deadening and devitalization of the quality of their ideas, a narrowing of their horizons, a growing dependency upon the institution, and a frightening social conformity. Like Larry, they seldom rebel, but learn to love their cages. The effects of institutionalization are subtle, but pervasive. I don't find it surprising that Larry did not complain about staying in the institution; he had learned to define his existence by the routines familiar to him.

Finally, I am indignant at a society that solves its problems of social deviancy, whether they be criminal, mental, political, or geriatric in nature, by creating and maintaining inferior institutions to isolate the offending person from the mainstream of life. Such compartmentalization, it seems to me, simply prolongs the problem, gives society the illusion of having provided a solution, and sweeps real coping with our problems under the rug.

ROBERT B. MILLS, PH.D.,
Cincinnati, O.

THE CASE HISTORY of Larry moved me very much, but I question the judgment implicit in the phrase "the irrational pride of a woman and the unrelenting greed of a doctor." Does not at least some of the blame belong to the unforgiving, stupid rules of an intolerant society and the enshrinement of money as the only virtue by this same society?

People are what their society makes them; morality is not genetic. Our system—educational, political, and economic—strains out compassion. When will our society allow us peace, love, and respect for each other?

PHYLLIS D. HAWKINS,
Davenport, Ia.

The Green Revolution

ROBERT R. R. BROOK'S article "People Versus Food" [*SR*, Sept. 5] reminds me again that several things need to be said about the world food problem that are often overlooked. For instance:

Even if the world's farmers were able to produce enough food for everyone on this planet, there might be—in fact, one can say there would be—millions of hungry people, perhaps even famine. The classic example of this dilemma is the United States itself, where ten to twelve million people are malnourished and underfed while the nation pays its farmers not to produce food.

Even if people were able to buy food, or governments were to give it to them, millions would still be hungry, because there are too few transportation and market facilities to get food supplies to hungry people. A little study of India's transport facilities illustrates this point fully.

Even if farmers produce enough food, there are still not enough storage and preservation facilities in many nations, so that a third to a half of food supplies are lost to rats, birds, animals, weather, and other factors.

Most nations that have large numbers of hungry people do not have the capital to build facilities for storage, preservation, and transportation. Nor, with population growth using up most new capital and with the rich nations giving less and less to development, does there appear to be much prospect of such improvement.

The Green Revolution is contributing to production of more food. But the need now is for not only more production, but means to store food until it is needed, and to get it to hungry people who can afford to buy it or whose governments can afford to give it to them as a dole.

Production of food is a sine qua non, but it is only one aspect of the complex and increasingly costly process of getting food to hungry mouths.

WILLARD JOHNSON,
San Diego, Calif.

Erratum

I ENJOYED the special fall travel section "Europe Indoors" [*SR*, Sept. 12], but wish to point out an error in identification of the cover photo. San*t*a Costanza is actually located in Rome (not Ravenna), and was named for the daughter of Emperor Constantine.

MRS. SUSAN WEININGER,
Chicago, Ill.

"It was the automatic telephone exchange—it hadn't handled a call in hours and it got lonely!"

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A monument of twentieth-century art

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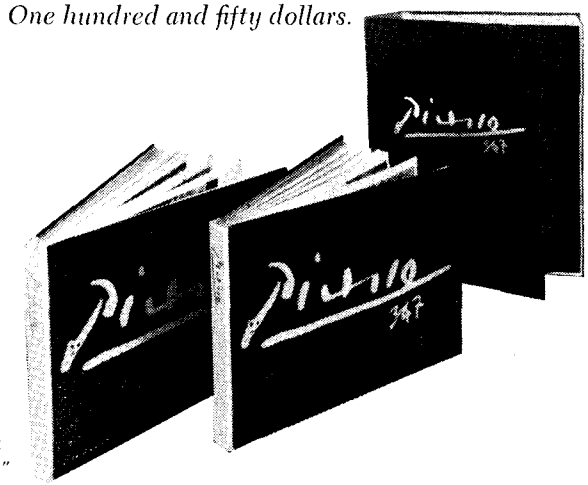

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The Anguish and the Comedy of Samuel Beckett

by HILTON KRAMER

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SAMUEL BECKETT (*Waiting for Godot*, $4; *Molloy*, $5; *Malone Dies*, $4; *The Unnamable*, $5; *Cascando*, $4; *Endgame*, $4; *Film*, $4; *Happy Days*, $4; *Krapp's Last Tape and Other Dramatic Pieces*, $5; *How It Is*, $5; *Murphy* $5; *Proust*, $4; *Watt*, $5; *Stories & Texts for Nothing*, $5; *Poems in English*, $4; *More Prick Than Kicks*, $5;) Grove, $59.50 the set. **THE LONG SONATA OF THE DEAD: A Study of Samuel Beckett, by Michael Robinson** (Grove, $7.50). **SAMUEL BECKETT NOW, edited by Melvin J. Friedman** (University of Chicago Press, $7.95). **SAMUEL BECKETT: Poet and Critic, by Lawrence E. Harvey** (Princeton University Press, $12.50)

> If they had told me what I have to say, in order to meet with their approval, I'd be bound to say it, sooner or later. But God forbid, that would be too easy, my heart wouldn't be in it, I have to puke my heart out too, spew it up whole along with the rest of the vomit, it's then at last I'll look as if I mean what I'm saying, it won't be just idle words.
>
> —Samuel Beckett, *The Unnamable* (1953)

The specter of "idle words" haunts the writings of Samuel Beckett. Whether the words pour forth in an illusion of endless volubility, as they do in the novels, or slow to a snail's pace of verbal parsimony, as they do in the later plays and prose pieces, there is always about them a nagging sense of futility, a fundamental doubt that words can ever be trusted to the delicate and urgent tasks of expression. To a degree unknown in the work of other modern writers, Beckett's literary performance harbors a radical distrust of language itself—a profound suspicion that mere words, even at their highest artistic elevation, can ever add up to anything more than "another fairy tale . . . let loose in the changeless round of imperfect shadow and dubious light."

And it must be admitted that Beckett's tortured feelings on this score are well founded. Early in his career he gave us an explicit statement of his dour literary philosophy: "The expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express." Despite repeated avowals of this ontological hopelessness, which for a writer of Beckett's disposition constitutes both the anguish and the comedy of the modern artist, his work has been subjected to innumerable "interpretations" designed to blur, embroider, uplift, hedge, or otherwise modify its stark and forbidding image of the human condition.

Thus, when Beckett was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature last year, Dr. Karl Gierow of the Swedish Academy said of his work: "In the realms of annihilation, the writing of Samuel Beckett rises like a Miserere from all mankind, its muffled minor key sounding liberation to the oppressed and comfort to those in need."

Liberation to the oppressed? Is this really what one hears in the rasping voice that narrates the harsh vicissitudes of *Malone Dies*? Comfort to those in need? Is this really what we are offered in those gray, pointillist exchanges between Winnie and Willie in *Happy Days*? Could anything be more mistaken? To the attentive reader of Beckett's work, this judgment is surely one of the most ironic in the voluminous and variegated history of commentary on his writings.

Yet Dr. Gierow's statement adorns

HILTON KRAMER, former literary critic for *The New Leader*, is at present art critic for *The New York Times*.

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the dust jackets of all sixteen volumes of *The Collected Works of Samuel Beckett*, which have now been issued as a set to mark the author's elevation to the ranks of the Nobel laureates. One is reminded of Rilke's observation that "fame is ultimately but the summary of all misunderstandings that crystallize about a new name."

One can certainly understand Dr. Gierow's predicament, however. The Nobel Prize is given on the enlightened, humanistic assumption that a great work of art bears a positive and beneficent relation to the history of its time, and our good Swedish Academician has couched his encomium accordingly. But Beckett's work spurns this assumption; it exists in a radical state of alienation from all such liberal notions of the relation of artistic expression to the betterment of mankind. True, his work reveals a deeply felt sympathy for the wounds of common experience—for all the injuries and insults that human flesh is heir to. But this sympathy is a response to the fundamental absurdity of human existence, and has little or nothing in common with enlightened social attitudes toward "the oppressed." Beckett's vision is, above all, a metaphysical vision, and in so far as his work may be said to have a sociological dimension at all, it is the dimension of microsociology, where the relation of one person to one or two others, or perhaps only the relation of one person to his own memories, habits, and fantasies, effectively dissolves the "reality" of the world at large.

A writer with so specialized a view of the human condition cannot be expected to produce novels and plays of a traditional sort, and Beckett never has. The traditions of fiction and drama, even as they have been modified by the great modernist innovators, carry with them a faith in the artistic process, if not in the world itself, which Beckett regards with a skepticism bordering on contempt. That he persists in his artistic enterprise in the face of this skepticism is not a denial of it, but only a confession of his own helplessness in confronting it. Beckett, it must always be remembered, is a comic writer. The laughter in his work may not always be distinguishable from a death rattle; it is certainly a grim laughter, closer to Swift at his most misanthropic than to any modern comic novelist or playwright. But it is no less comic because of that. And art itself, with its illusory mission of "explaining" life, is, in Beckett's view, only a metaphysical joke that man has devised as an "answer" to the still larger joke of the universe.

From the time when Beckett began writing fiction in the 1930s he drew both his language and his subject matter from what V. S. Pritchett once called "the vivid but interminable ocean of Irish garrulity," producing novels in which language became more and more its own subject matter. The characters in Beckett's novels—especially in that marvelous and stupefying trilogy consisting of *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable*—almost never "do" anything but talk, and this incessant and incontinent talk is at once an inspired subterfuge and a workaday mode of existence. Every human appetite—except, always, the appetite for verbal invention and assault—has been atrophied in these characters. They are, in a sense, "pure" artists of gab, consummate choreographers of the disgruntled monologue, uninterested in anything but the intricacies of their own bitter and unbridled expression, repetitious in their obsessions, shameless in their self-absorption, and utterly devoid of curiosity about the world beyond the perimeters of their own fantasies and resentments.

In recent years Beckett has changed the style of this characteristic monologue. It has become more concentrated, more elliptical and obscure: compared to the arcane idiom of *How It Is* (1961), the language of *Watt* (1953) is as transparent and accessible as that in *Madame Bovary*. But his essential focus has remained the same, and he defined it very early in that prolegomenon to his esthetic which, in 1931, he chose to publish under the guise of a monograph on Proust: "The individual is the seat of a constant process of decantation, decantation from the vessel containing the fluid of future time, sluggish, pale and monochrome, to the vessel containing the fluid of past time, agitated and multicolored by the phenomena of its hours."

In Beckett's world, what he described in this monograph as "the poisonous ingenuity of Time" is always a form of tyranny, pushing the mind back into the muck of its own experience, frustrating all action and aspiration for the future. Any forward action, any hope of attaining a goal not already hopelessly compromised by the mental detritus of the past, is a comic illusion, and Beckett's specialty as a dramatist has been to make of this illusion a viable subject for the stage.

In Beckett's plays all of his abiding obsessions—the distrust of language, the sense of the past smothering all possibility for the future, the metaphysical stasis which the writer shares with the objects of his creation—are, in the most literal sense, "acted out." The best account I know of Beckett's decision to turn to the theater—an astonishing decision, after all, in a writer so egregiously unsociable in his attitude toward his public—is to be found in what I think is the best of the many recent books on Beckett's *oeuvre*, *The*

"Good morning, Paragon Boot and Rubber Company. . . . Save the wetlands."

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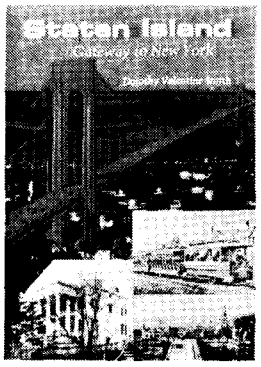

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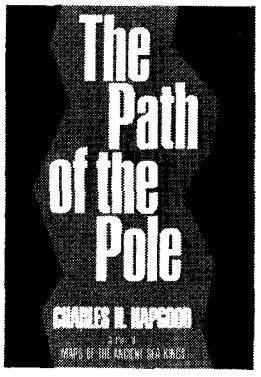

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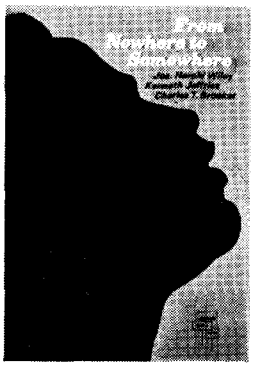

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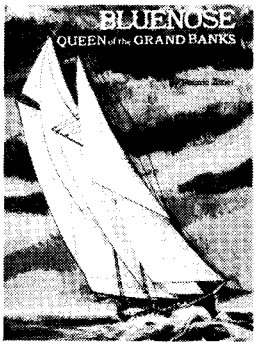

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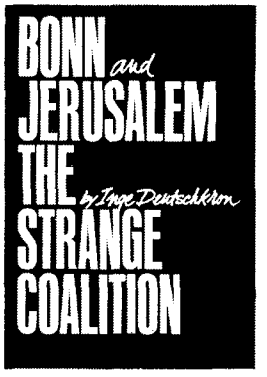

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BONN and JERUSALEM

The Strange Coalition

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Long Sonata of the Dead: A Study of Samuel Beckett, by Michael Robinson, a young English writer who seems to have absorbed Beckett's work into his own bloodstream and nervous system and who has yet been able to keep his head clear enough to give us a lucid, detailed, and often beautiful summary of this difficult and sometimes intractable subject.

Mr. Robinson gauges with precision what he calls "the poetics of failure" in Beckett, and he finds in this "profound despair of language" ("words cannot be trusted to remain a tool in the hands of the artisan") the very reason for Beckett's turn to the theater:

> In drama there was a chance that the two crucial problems on which the novels foundered, the distrust of language and the need to be perceived, could be resolved. For the theater is more than language. . . . In the theater, or at least in the theatrical tradition with which Beckett aligns himself, language is only one vehicle among many and not the most important. The total meaning of a performance includes mime, silence, décor and above all action, that which is actually seen to take place by an audience. . . . perhaps on the stage the reality behind the words may be revealed by the action which often contradicts their literal meaning.

It is certainly true that the images that remain with us from *Waiting for Godot* or *Endgame* or *Happy Days* are not verbal; they are images of action, or inaction, or silence—images of a dénouement that language, however instrumental in revealing it to us, has been helpless to forestall. Every play written for the stage is, of course, a *pas de deux* between language and action, but Beckett's inspired dramaturgy has carried this convention to a radical extreme, allowing him, as Mr. Robinson says, "the opportunity to explore the blank spaces between the words and the ability to provide visual evidence of the untrustworthiness of language."

Beckett's distruct of language is, however, the distrust of a writer incurably in love with its resources and immensely gifted in mastering its mysteries. In one of the best essays from another recent book, *Samuel Beckett Now*, edited by Melvin J. Friedman, Germaine Brée speaks of the author's "hand-to-hand combat with language," and warns us that his "puns, subtly dislocated quotations of prose or poetry, unexplained allusions, unfamiliar words taken from the technical language of philosophy, medicine, or natural history" will never be entirely susceptible to scholarly explication. "Since Beckett is extremely learned,"

(*Continued on page* 43)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Bonus March

IN FORREST C. POGUE'S review of Vol. I of *The Years of MacArthur* [*SR*, Sept. 19] he states that the author, Dr. Clayton James, could find no basis in fact for General MacArthur's conviction that the aftermath of the bonus march of 1932 was a Communist assault against the federal government.

Professor James didn't do his homework very well. Benjamin Gitlow, one of the organizers of the American Communist Party and twice its candidate for Vice President before he broke with Stalin, told in his book *The Whole of Their Lives* (Scribners, 1948) how the Communists were instructed to seize control of the bonus march after it had gotten under way.

RALPH J. DONALDSON,
Cleveland, O.

A Man's World

MURIEL HAYNES'S REVIEW of *Sexual Politics* and other women's lib literature [*SR*, Aug. 29] is adorned with scholarly curlicues which make it difficult to trace the weaknesses of the content. Cultural restraints, socially conditioned, operate against the freedom of women. This I take to be the argument. But what group is not subject to socially conditioned restraints which operate against their freedom? I belong to a certain group—males in their sixties. Whatever my abilities may be, I am virtually barred from employment, solely because of age. I am also single. In the matter of marriage, virtually no young, attractive female would consider my application, however adequate my personality and income, solely because of my age.

Thus I myself am the victim of socially determined restraints. I demand that women remove the restraints, or preferably that Congress formulate a Constitutional amendment, so that, if an employer offers a job, or some woman wants to marry, he or she will have to accept me if I qualify regardless of my age. Is this the argument?

Your reviewer runs into page after page of discussion of the patriarchy in which women today find themselves enmeshed as being a social inheritance. I can't seem to find the patriarchate. It is true that I was born, early in the century, into a society of patriarchal forms. Even there, most of the men led frustrated lives. Mom-dominated, we were hampered by socially conditioned restraints. One socially conditioned restraint was of the free exercise of our sexual aggressiveness, mostly for the protection (as we called it) of women. If a man violated the restraints, who invoked the sanctions? Women? No, man. It is hard for me to recognize the substance of a patriarchy even in the social customs of my childhood, though many of its forms, inherited from an earlier age in which women were really chattels, were identifiable. Some of the forms are vestigially present still, but surely all the venom has by now been squeezed out of them.

Women in society are situated much as the rest of us—bound and hampered by the norms and conditions of society, and compelled to live as best we may within those conditions. Personally I have not found it necessary to give up all individuality and freedom just because society's norms, if I followed them religiously, would, counter to their ostensible purposes, require me to do so. In rendering to Caesar that which is Caesar's (and he has demanded and received a good deal more) I have contrived to retain, as if by cheating him, some modicum of a life of my own. It seems to me that everyone living in a society must do much the same. Society can and should be improved; but it cannot in the nature of things be made the vehicle by which women, or men either, become free. That is up to each individual.

HERBERT HARVEY,
Morrisville, Pa.

Next Time Round, a Man

EVIDENTLY WE ARE in a time of revolutions similar to volcanic eruptions suddenly powered by mysterious forces of change. The next one is likely to be something already regarded as "natural" by many people, namely, a conscious acceptance of the idea that we live more than once on this earth, in a periodic cycle of development. When it is realized that in this pattern of man's evolution one life is normally spent in a body of one sex and the next life in a body of the other—to round out a wholeness of human experience—women's liberation movements become senseless. The game then lies in a person's playing his man/woman role in each life for all the richness it can have, sex antagonisms by-passed. For no one is really missing anything.

DORIS M. BUGBEY,
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Grievous Truth

CAN NOBODY STOP PEOPLE like Josephine Hendin from reviewing books about black life [*SR*, Aug. 22]? When will that particular arrogance end?

The most important accomplishment by Alice Walker in her amazing novel, *The Third Life of Grange Copeland*, is that Miss Walker has formulated and then conveyed an absolute, historical, grievous truth that no one has dared even to propose before her. But truth is something Josephine Hendin could scarcely appreciate, let alone acknowledge, gratefully.

JUNE MEYER JORDAN,
Bronx, N.Y.

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The Lone Eagle's Concern for the Bald Eagle

by BARRY GOLDWATER

THE WARTIME JOURNALS OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1,038 pp., $12.95

I have admired Charles A. Lindbergh for as long as I can remember, not only because of our association through aviation and the Air Force, but also because of his intense interest in timely events and the uncanny foresight that he has displayed throughout his life—both of which surface as the dominant themes in his *Journals*.

These themes are illuminated in the Introduction, where Lindbergh reflects on the events about which he has written: "We won the war in a military sense; but in a broader sense," he rightly concludes, "it seems to me we lost it, for our Western civilization is less respected and secure than it was before." Americans have never understood power; we don't know how to use it. Because we didn't stand firm at the end of the war, when we were victorious, we immediately began to go down in the eyes of the world, and we are still going down. Lindbergh foretold all of this.

"In order to defeat Germany and Japan," he continues, "we supported the still greater menaces of Russia and China—which now confront us in a nuclear-weapon era. Poland was not saved. The British Empire has broken down with great suffering, bloodshed, and confusion. England is an economy-constricted secondary power. France had to give up her major colonies and turn to a mild dictatorship herself. Much of our Western culture was destroyed. We lost the genetic heredity formed through eons in many million lives. Meanwhile, the Soviets have dropped their iron curtain to screen off Eastern Europe, and an antagonistic Chinese government threatens us in Asia."

What, some may ask, would have happened if Adolf Hitler had not been checked in his conquest of Europe? In my opinion, Hitler would have had a Europe that was torn apart. He could never, save for a short period, have contained the Europe he might have won. The loyalties and nationalisms of the various countries would have overthrown him before long. There would have been a prolonged period of upset in Europe and what you might call revolution.

Charles Lindbergh's activities with the America First Committee were well known across the nation, and President Roosevelt, of course, punished him for this activity by forcing him to resign his Air Corps commission. "America First" meant in effect that Americans come first—not the rest of the world—and Lindbergh was a leader in this movement. Although I thought they had the right to do what they were doing, I didn't agree with them. I felt that we should be getting ready for a war that I think anybody could see was coming. I have always held that if we had become strong during the Thirties, there would not have been a war. Had we been able to tell Hitler that we would put our foot down, he would not have taken over Austria and Czechoslovakia and Poland and France. I didn't agree any more then than I agree today with the Fulbrights that we should have become isolated, as we were. Isolation will encourage war more than anything else. We have to remain strong or the world is going to be in a chaotic state.

What Lindbergh was trying to tell America in the early days of the *Journals*, which, unfortunately, were not published at the time, was the extent of preparation that Germany had reached in the air, and the lack of preparation both in the air and on the ground on the part of England and France. The "Europe Prewar" section of the *Journals* is not as detailed as some of the later writings, but there is enough in each of the notations to follow Lindbergh's thinking as he saw war approaching. Mind you, this was back in 1937 and 1938, before many people in the United States believed war was imminent, and even those who did could not see us becoming involved.

In March 1939 Lindbergh recorded his reaction to the Chamberlain negotiations at Munich:

> I think that Chamberlain has done a good job with the material and conditions he had to work with. His acceptance of the facts and conditions which existed is, I think, one of the greatest things about him. But England is making a great effort only by her own comfortable, accepted standards of life, and that is not enough these days. Effort, like everything else, is relative. England's standard of effort should be that which is being made against her. She is, of course, being influenced by the German Reich, but she is not able to assess properly anything which is not British and, consequently, is unable even to assess properly that which is.

Also of particular interest in this section of the *Journals* are Lindbergh's comments about an address broadcast by Adolf Hitler September 28, 1938, which he listened to with other guests of the Astors:

> There was no use talking. Sentiment was too high. Except for Lady Astor and her son, the spirit of the "Light Brigade" had taken hold. Again, the English are ready to fight for their principles, throwing all judgment to the winds and, in a sense, discarding the more important issues of European civilization itself. Again, they are ready to move too late. Argument must wait for a calmer time. Fortunately, there are a few days left. There is still some hope. I believe it is still possible to avoid a war at this time. And with more time, there is more hope. It is amazing to have seen the lack of willingness in England to make the preparations necessary for war and now to see how ready people are to enter one.
>
> Hitler spoke at 8:00, and we all went

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Charles A. Lindbergh (1939)—"foresight."

BARRY GOLDWATER, United States Senator from Arizona, is the author of *The Conscience of a Majority*, just published, as well as *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

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From "The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh":

"Hitler is in a unique position. No one is going to start fighting before he does. Consequently, he can bluff about as he wishes without danger. . . . I cannot blame him too much for making France and England worry a bit, but I cannot believe he will throw Europe into a major war over the present situation. It would take a madman to do that. Hitler is a mystic and a fanatic, but his actions and results in the past do not lead me to believe he is insane." —Sept. 24, 1938

"The Germans are a great people, and I believe their welfare is inseparable from that of Europe. The future of Europe depends upon the strength of this country. It cannot be kept down except by war, and another European war would be disastrous for everyone. We must build our future on strength and not on a balance of power through the cultivation of weakness." —Oct. 25, 1938

"The *Times* (English) carries a long account of the Jewish troubles in Germany. I do not understand these riots on the part of the Germans. It seems so contrary to their sense of order and their intelligence in other ways. They have undoubtedly had a difficult Jewish problem, but why is it necessary to handle it so unreasonably?" —Nov. 13, 1938

"If we must arm, we should arm for the purpose of our own strength, just as a man trains his body to keep fit and for the purpose of health. But to arm specifically against Germany or Japan is a serious error unless we do not even desire to avoid a war. The thing that bothers me most of all is that our own northern peoples are now snarling at and arming against each other. If England and Germany enter another major war on opposite sides, Western civilization may fall as a result." —Jan. 7, 1939

"Suppose Germany is behind Italy. Then what are the moves? England is practically certain to fight with France in that case. The Mediterranean might, and I believe would, be closed to English shipping, but it would also be a dangerous place for Italian shipping on the way to Africa. What would Germany do? Send troops to Italy? Probably she would send instructors and arms, but hardly an army. Would she attack France? Through the Maginot Line and against one of the world's best armies? Not likely. Move into Holland or Belgium? The gain hardly seems to warrant the price. Would German planes bomb Paris and London? They could do this, but at what profit? Nothing would bring the United States in more quickly." —Feb. 27, 1939

"Much as I disapprove of many things Germany has done, I believe she has pursued the only consistent policy in Europe in recent years. I cannot support her broken promises, but she has only moved a little faster than other nations have in breaking promises. The question of right and wrong is one thing by law and another thing by history." —Apr. 2, 1939

"As I read through my daily entries in 1939, I am struck by the fact that I applied a little too much logic to the peoples and the politicians in Europe. It is not that I thought people were logical; I cannot remember ever entertaining such a fallacy; I do not even believe it is desirable for people to be completely logical in their viewpoint. Logic must be based on knowledge; and since knowledge is limited in man, so must be his logic. I never trust logical conclusions unless they combine with an inner intuitive feeling, which I find to be really much more reliable." —Oct. 10, 1940

"I look down at the pit of ashes ('twenty-five thousand in a year and a half'). This, I realize, is not a thing confined to any nation or to any people. What the German has done to the Jew in Europe, we are doing to the Jap in the Pacific. As Germans have defiled themselves by dumping the ashes of human beings into this pit, we have defiled ourselves by bulldozing bodies into shallow, unmarked tropical graves. What is barbaric on one side of the earth is still barbaric on the other. 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' It is not the Germans alone, or the Japs, but the men of all nations to whom this war has brought shame and degradation."
—June 11, 1945

into the parlor to hear him. Lord Astor and his son and I and two German boys who were visiting remained to hear all of the speech. The German boys took notes and translated the important points. Hitler held his audience in his hand. They were ready to cheer at the slightest opportunity and at anything he said. Hitler started slowly, but ranted and snarled at times. Huge cheering after he finished. He spoke over an hour in all. Was introduced by Goebbels. Speech seemed to leave considerable hope that war may be avoided. Many people in England expected Hitler to declare war during his speech (i.e., to say that German troops were marching into Czechoslovakia, as he did when they moved into Austria last March). Hitler has certainly "left the door open" for the time being at least.

Supper after his speech ended. The tension was somewhat relieved. There was again the willingness to consider the armament situation and possible alternatives to declaring war. Whereas before Hitler's speech there was no use talking about these things.

There follow portions of the *Journals* that I wish had been expanded because they discuss the preparation on England's part for war and the awakening of the French to their weakness in the air.

As he leads us toward the entrance of the United States into war, Lindbergh's *Journals* make it abundantly clear that he did not trust President Roosevelt and felt that FDR would like to declare war but was held back only by his knowledge that the country would not stand for it. These notes were made on Monday, June 10, 1940; thereafter, of course, the war developed rapidly, and with it Lindbergh's desire to help the United States grew and grew.

He describes the efforts that he made in Washington to accomplish this and then tells about his intimate association in the Pacific, which those who served there knew of and appreciated. However, very few outside that group ever realized that this great American actually flew combat missions in the Pacific. He went to that area of combat to share his vast knowledge of aircraft and aircraft engines with the fighter pilots of all the services. I know from personal discussion with many combat pilots in the Pacific that Lindbergh added enormous mileage and utility to planes such as the Navy's Corsair and P-38.

I harken back to something he did in preparation for his famous trans-Atlantic solo flight, which also demonstrates how knowledgeable even as a young man Lindbergh was: Before that flight, aircraft engine oil lines were run intact from the pump into the engine,

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THE GOLDEN AGE:
A Climate for Greatness, 1732-1775

by Clifford Dowdey

Little, Brown, 379 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Wilson Sullivan

■ It is difficult to understand how anyone could make the history of pre-Revolutionary Virginia anything less than exciting. As Clifford Dowdey observes, Virginia's "golden age"—the buoyant, bucolic era of the Tidewater oligarchs and Virginia's emergence as the seedbed of the Revolution—"produced more great men in government than any other society in a comparable period and a comparable space." In Philadelphia for that epochal first Continental Congress, John Adams of Massachusetts observed: "These gentlemen of Virginia appear to be the most spirited and consistent of any." Certainly, the roster of those Virginians who participated in this and other events of the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary eras—Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Jefferson, Richard Bland, Landon Carter, George Mason, George Wythe, Madison, to name only major figures—staggers the mind. Has any nation been more fortunate in its political architects?

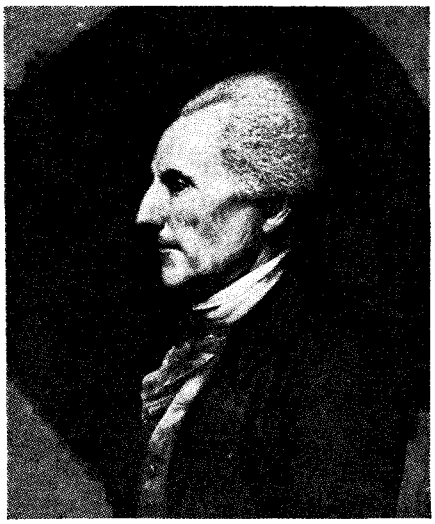
In something more than microcosm Virginia epitomized the mounting colonial struggle against imperial London that swept America from New England to the Carolinas. Clifford Dowdey attempts to define the sources and the course of this struggle chiefly in terms of its major personalities, Patriot and Royalist. He moves from Virginia's early years, from its struggles against the French, the Indians, and the frontier, its battle with an arrogant established church, to its growing sense of injustice, its unheeded petitions to an obtuse king and unfeeling ministry in England and, at last, its open defiance of George III expressed in Jefferson's famed "Summary View of the Rights of British America," the prototype of the Declaration of Independence.

The subject has proved titanic even for scholars disposed to treat it in several volumes. Mr. Dowdey was clearly ill advised to attempt to cover it in 352 unfootnoted pages. In this highly derivative book the author is simply not in command of his material, either in content or in form. He shunts from one subject to another with little coherence, and his writing is studded with grammatical errors, redundancies, plain contradictions, inaccuracies, and stifling repetition. The book is at once presumptuous in the breadth of its generalizations and petty in its often gossipy and inapposite details. Stylistically, *The Golden Age* is a muddy mix of cant and omission that makes Spiro Agnew emerge as a model of verbal purity.

Clifford Dowdey introduces the English-speaking world to such expressions as "selfishly self-indulgent," "experienced veteran," "cosmopolitan metropolis," and "Romanesque [?] indulgence in pleasures." Jefferson at William and Mary College is a "mental-type student," possessed of a "capacity to change inherent with a concept of progress." Natural rights become "the deification of Nature." In an access of concision, Major General Edward Braddock becomes "fat Braddock." In an access of pomp, poor old Montesquieu becomes Charles Louis le Secondat, Baron de Brède et de Montesquieu. William Byrd II's "unvexed elegance and changeless pattern of days without time was a distillation of the brief era of the idyll which held eternity in the hours on the shores of the broad tidal rivers."

The Golden Age does have some virtues. It is pleasant, for example, to see the urbane, diplomatic royal governor Francis Fauquier shown as something more than a foil for a young visitor named Jefferson. The passages on Richard Bland, whose priority in the literature of revolt was cheerfully conceded by Jefferson himself, are excellent. Similarly, Mr. Dowdey's vignette of George III and his evocation of colonial Williamsburg are not without value.

On balance, however, the book simply tries to do too much. A less ambitious work containing in-depth studies of governors Fauquier, Dinwiddie, Gooch, and Dunmore—and, indeed, Richard Bland—would have illuminated this pregnant era more effectively. Moreover, Dowdey succumbs to gross inaccuracies. We need not accept the simplistic revisionism of Charles Beard to reject Dowdey's description of the Founding Fathers as "spokesmen of democratic principles." They were at best republicans with an unsullied sense of the rights of property and a belief in indirect, not to say élite, representative government, as their Constitution—and later conduct—would prove.



—Portrait by Charles Willson Peale, 1874

Richard Henry Lee—freed to develop "the Colony's genius in government."

Mr. Dowdey dismisses William Byrd I as acquisitive, specifically an "accumulator," ignoring his share in helping to found William and Mary College. William Byrd II is put down as a "dilettante," "a full-blown exquisite product," and a "poseur," despite his known accomplishments as a classicist and linguist, his prodigious achievement in building a library of some 4,000 volumes, and his erudite correspondence with leading scholars and statesmen. For a book of this size and scope Mr. Dowdey devotes a disproportionate number of pages to young Byrd's erotic adventures and marital fortune-hunting—pages that might have been assigned to George Mason or that redoubtable titan of the Tidewater oligarchy, John Robinson. Indeed, after lamenting the "historical anonymity" Robinson has suffered, Dowdey confounds it, except for tangential references and a salute to Robinson's generosity to his friends when he loaned them money from the Colonial till.

The author is curiously enigmatic on the issue of slavery. While he deplores "the baleful effects of the institution on both races," he permits himself the conclusion that slavery had the virtue of freeing such men as Richard Henry Lee to develop "the Colony's genius in government." Economically, however, Dowdey seems less certain of slavery's value to the South. He concedes that "the effect of slave-labor forces was to discourage the immigration of whites who would bring new methods of working the land."

If there is any merit in Mr. Dowdey's efforts to dispel the image of Patrick Henry as an "uncouth rustic" and "shambling plebeian," there is none at all in his attempting to do so at the expense of Thomas Jefferson. Gifted though he may have been in swaying rural juries and astonishing loyal Virginia burgesses with treasonous rhetoric, Patrick Henry was in fact a charlatan and a demagogue, not above changing his views when age and success called for new allegiances. In comparing Henry with the brilliant scholar of Monticello, Dowdey is at once petty and inaccurate. He is petty in comparing the number of cases tried by the two young lawyers, in suggesting that the retiring and aristocratic Jefferson was jealous of Henry's "easy 'pleasant-

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STELMARK: A Family Recollection

by Harry Mark Petrakis

McKay, 187 pp., $4.95

THE FAMILY GUARESCHI: Chronicles of the Past and Present

by Giovanni Guareschi translated from the Italian by L. K. Conrad

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 246 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by Naid Sofian

■ There is a literary tradition that depicts all foreign families as large, happy, burbling and bubbling with irrepressible life. It is a tradition that, sadly, I have always had to contest. Born in New York City to Armenian immigrants who fled the Turkish genocide of the early twentieth century, I was raised in a family that, having witnessed annihilation, fought fiercely, and with bitterness, to retain the way of life of their people. My parents felt their loss always and, longing only for home, buried their roots in the soil of their memories. So we children grew up impaled between two cultures, twisting first one way and then the other, with very little sleep in between.

Harry Mark Petrakis, also reared by immigrant parents, pictures a different, more traditional, experience in *Stelmark*. The son of a Greek Orthodox minister, Harry Mark grew up in Chicago, where his father served the large parish of Sts. Constantine and Helen Church. His family, too, felt their uprooting but, perhaps because they lived in a tightly-knit community, not so keenly.

Mrs. Petrakis could have been my own mother; indeed, I have known many immigrant women like her: "For a small woman, my mother had an incredible abundance of energy and strength. A certain rampant force of life within her drove her forward. She had no fear. . . . Her faith was the wellspring from which she drew certainty." A dynamo who clearly impressed her son, for often in Mr. Petrakis's fiction the female characters emerge as stronger than the male, more realistic and morally responsible.

Father Petrakis was a gentler person, though with a will of his own that frequently clashed with that of his wife. Not one of the rocky-faced, steely tribe (my father brooked no nonsense; life was serious business), he had a refreshing openmindedness. Discussions at his dinner table were often heated, ranging from politics to social revolution to religion. Asked how he condoned such heresy and agnosticism in his house, he would reply with a smile, "Democracy. . . . That's the trouble here, democracy."

Mr. Petrakis's tribute to his childhood is loving, and he writes with the grace of colored fish flashing in a crystal pool. The Greek priests, German janitors, Jewish merchants, Negro classmates, Poles, Lithuanians, and Irish of his neighborhood are warmly remembered, and one meets them again in Mr. Petrakis's fiction—*A Dream of Kings, Pericles on 31st Street, Waves of Night*, all deal with the alien and the alienated.

Mr. Petrakis also writes with a soft humor that often reaches high hilarity. Recalling his first feverish experiments with sex, he says: "I used pictures, images and fantasies, and once, God help me, barely avoiding what might have been permanent injury, the wrapped beaters of a Mixmaster."

Stelmark is a wise and human book and superior to most others in its genre, but, as in the others, something is missing. Not a wart, not a freckle in sight. It isn't that I pant to hear the rattling of closeted skeletons, but happy families, too, must fight, hate, irrevocably wound. To do so is to be human. Today, when the very idea of family is eroding, such a full-bodied portrait is valuable.

The way Giovanni Guareschi tells it in *The Family Guareschi*, immigrants longing for the verdant hills of home aren't missing a thing: they no longer exist. Progress has hit Italy, and most of the author's last book bitingly comments on its benefits: "Prosperity . . . is two parts loud noise, one part carcinogenic synthetic dyes, one part publicity, one part stench and toxic gases."

The book is divided into two sections. The first, "From Teacher to Pupil," deals mostly with the Italy and people of the past, and the second, "Stories About Jo," centers around the Guareschi household helper with the melodic name of Gioconda Cicon, snappy representative of the mod generation.

Readers who enjoyed *My Home, Sweet Home* will like this continuing chronicle of Guareschi clan antics. For myself, it took valor and two bottles of Cinzano to finish it, despite—actually because of—the author's witticisms about nearly everything. His humor is relentless. I like Mr. Guareschi much more as his alter ego, Don Camillo—popular hero of six of the author's novels—that intrepid, wily priest pursuing his adversaries and being pursued in Thurber-like fashion.

Naid Sofian is an editorial associate in SR's Book Review Department.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

GENERATION GAP

Here are nine fathers and a mother talking to or about—or reflecting on—their offspring. Joanna Crooks of New Liskeard, Ont., wants you to link the words correctly with the parent. Any gaps can be bridged on page 42.

1. Justice! find the girl!
   She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats. ( )
2. Accursed serpent! Miserable girl! Oh! you know well that I love you, and you take advantage of it! You ungrateful child! ( )
3. There is nobody half so attentive and civil as you are. If anything you are too attentive. ( )
4. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises. ( )
5. God gave me the child! . . . She is my happiness!—she is my torture, none the less! ( )
6. Don't give yourself airs! . . .
   Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs. ( )
7. My child is yet a stranger in the world,
   She hath not seen the change of fourteen years. ( )
8. A pretty name—a pretty child! But restless—too restless, and wilful! ( )
9. If you had been on that jury, son, and eleven other boys like you, Tom would be a free man. ( )
10. This splendid baby only inspired him with a feeling of disgust and compassion. ( )

a. Capulet
b. Atticus Finch
c. Soames Forsyte
d. Grandet
e. Levin
f. Willy Loman
g. Hester Prynne
h. Shylock
i. Father William
j. Mr. Wodehouse

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THE CHALLENGE OF WORLD POVERTY:
A World Anti-Poverty Program in Outline

by Gunnar Myrdal

Pantheon, 518 pp., $8.95

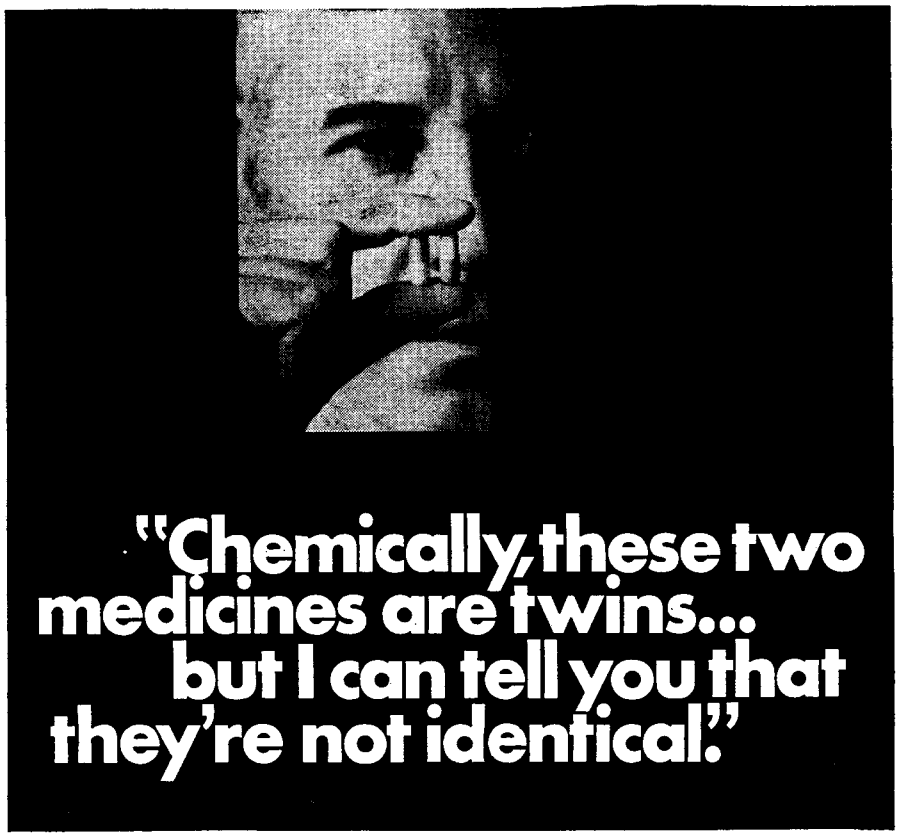
Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

■ In his long and distinguished career Gunnar Myrdal, who has just been awarded the West German Peace Prize, has been an academic economist of great distinction, a Swedish cabinet minister, an influential analyst of America's racial problems, an international civil servant, and, most recently, an iconoclastic student of the reasons why poverty lingers in most of the world.

The eminent American economist Kenneth Boulding has remarked, with reason, that Myrdal "may very well be the world's top social scientist." What makes a social scientist great is more than technique; it is moral vision. There is no way of avoiding the old-fashioned phrase: Gunnar Myrdal has always been a force for good. As a young scholar he insisted, against the prevailing fashion of his profession, that economists who thought they could be mere technicians were deluding themselves. One's values and social objectives inevitably pervade the most abstruse of scholarly research. The good economist identifies, states, and pursues the ethical goals that he treasures most highly. Value-free social science is both impossible and abominable.

The values Myrdal has steadfastly held high are human integration and human equality. A good, fully integrated society excludes none of its members from full participation in the larger community by reason of caste, race, religion, or poverty. As the last word implies, equality and integration are closely related aspirations: a nation that countenances extreme poverty in the midst of general affluence judges as inferior the men and women whose fate it refuses to improve.

Myrdal's generation-old classic *An American Dilemma* was of course a masterful diagnosis of American racial discrimination and one of the important books of the era. Some of its effect stemmed again from Myrdal's ethical vision. He was optimistic over the prospects for racial progress because he took seriously the American tradition of human equality. He was "square" enough to accept at face value the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence. The vast gap between the implications of these documents and the actual condition of



The head of research for a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer knows that "twin" medicines can give different results.

These two products might work in different ways in your body. Both capsules contain the same active ingredient, but they were made by different companies, each with its own formulas and manufacturing techniques.

Can these small differences matter? Ask your doctor or pharmacist. Tests indicate that two drug products with the same active ingredient can vary in many ways. The base or "filler," the binding material, the coating, the particle size—all can affect how the medicine is absorbed in the body. Even the type of container for some medicines is important.

Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

Choosing the specific drug products that he wants for you is your doctor's prerogative. He makes the decision on the basis of his experience with a product and a company and his knowledge of your condition and medical history.

Remember, your doctor prefers to prescribe and your pharmacist to dispense brand name products or quality generics from specified reliable manufacturers.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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—Rochelle Girson

"Peace Corps workers journey as teachers to villages where native intellectuals refuse to live and work."

American blacks could be perpetuated only by a massive and damaging denial of the community's own animating principles. Thirty years ago, Myrdal was certain that Americans would behave better than that. Once the facts were well rubbed in their faces by their benevolent but stern Swedish uncle, they would, he believed, move vigorously toward the realization of their own ideals.

I have commented upon the prophetic element in Myrdal's work because *The Challenge of World Poverty* (as well as the three-volume *Asian Drama: An Inquiry Into the Poverty of Nations,* of which it is a summary and extension) is best read as three massively documented, interlocking sermons addressed respectively to the poor countries, the affluent West, and the economists who have been misleading both groups of nations.

For the underdeveloped lands the message is unequivocal: the path to prosperity must be traveled by each nation through its own efforts. India, Pakistan, and the other countries of Southeast Asia, the Latin American and the new African states, all suffer from soft government. Public administration is weak, corruption is extensive and spreading, and the wealthy, who can best afford to pay taxes, frequently evade them. Conditions will not improve for the impoverished masses until the prosperous develop some fellow-feeling for their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Before economic development stands a chance, social bonds must tighten, and real movement in the direction of equality must begin. No amount of Western advice (even when it is good) and no quantity of Western cash can substitute for national renewal. Where slight progress is visible, as in India and the Philippines, the nations have at least professed allegiance to equality. But nowhere in the underdeveloped world has performance been close enough to such protestations to allow a concerted assault upon the barriers to economic improvement.

These barriers are grimly familiar. First is the galloping rate of population growth, which, unless it is halted, will make any advancement impossible. Land reform, accompanied by credit and guidance for the new landowners, is a necessity; agricultural efficiency will develop only when peasant cultivators are offered some incentive to increase their efforts and change their ways.

Also imperative are a massive increase in and radical redirection of education. Countries like India spend too much on universities that produce unwanted lawyers, civil servants, and academics, and far too little on primary and adult education. It is, Myrdal notes, a sign that something has gone wrong when Peace Corps workers journey as teachers to villages where native intellectuals refuse to live and work. This is to say once more that nations progress when the benefits of progress are widely distributed among the peasants and workers who must work harder, abandon cherished habits, and accept new ways of life. The rewards must be as tangible as the burdens before men transform themselves.

The text of Myrdal's message to the affluent concerns enlightened self-interest. World poverty entails world disorder, and disorder is never a good thing for the wealthy. Granting that the role of developed countries is limited, Myrdal notes a number of actions that can help the poor nations. Western scientists should improve, simplify, and cheapen birth-control technology. Western governments should stop requiring the recipients of their foreign aid to spend the money in the granting nation instead of wherever they can buy cheapest. Tariffs and quotas that impede the exports of the poor countries should be removed. More than that: Western nations should discriminate in favor of the raw materials and simple manufactures that the underdeveloped countries have available for sale. The rich nations should increase the quantity of their financial assistance as well as the proportion of such aid that is outright gift. There are a few encouraging signs that the advanced nations are beginning to take this program to heart. One of them is the outcome of the recent Tokyo meetings of the Development Assistance Committee.

A good deal less cheerful about the United States than he used to be (like many others), Myrdal considers improvement in our foreign aid policy unlikely until we integrate our own underclass of poor and black. This task, he acidly notes, is one we share with the underdeveloped countries.

Finally, Myrdal reproves the economists, who instead of helping by wise counsel have for the most part misled. Their major sin of commission has been the transplantation of Western-style mathematical models to countries that lack reliable statistics, and in any case possess an array of problems which these models are incapable of handling.

The economists' second sin is one of omission. Possibly because the truth would dim their hosts' cordiality, economists have suppressed much that they should have said about official corruption, judicial injustice, failures of social integration, and inadequate tax and land policies. Honesty may not be the best financial policy for an individual social scientist, but it is the essential quality of good social science. Economists, if they listen to Myrdal, will put away their childish games with econometric models and speak the truth like men in their own countries and abroad.

So run the three sermons. The advice is so good that it is highly improbable many of the sinners will heed it.

It remains to comment upon an odd defect in Myrdal. This is his failure to explain fully what he means by modernization, the goal he sets for the poor countries. We can infer his meaning from scattered references: Modernization is more than the diffusion of advanced technology, more than improvements in educational, medical, and productivity measures, more even than a hardening of soft governments. It

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includes the habit of rational economic calculation and management, and, inevitably, an ethical element. A modern nation is relatively egalitarian and extremely well integrated. Understandably, Myrdal considers the United States to be a long distance from this goal.

By Dr. Myrdal's reckoning, his own country is one of the very few—other candidates are Denmark, Norway, and Switzerland—that are reasonably close to the target. There is no underclass in Sweden, nor extremes of poverty and wealth on the American scale. The social sympathies that bind Swede to Swede are strong enough to eliminate the inequities in medical care, education, housing, and social welfare that are American commonplaces. Under the circumstances, the most cheerful thing Myrdal has to say about the United States is that Americans and Swedes are very much alike. But there is a good deal of contemporary evidence to the contrary.

Men will live better when they act better. This is true of the poor nations, and it is true also of the United States. The grim message to Americans is that until we solve our problems of justice, we are more likely to "help" the underdeveloped world as we are "helping" Vietnam, rather than in the enlightened ways Myrdal advocates.

Robert Lekachman, professor of economics at the State University of New York in Stony Brook, is the author of "Age of Keynes."

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1418

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1418 will be found in the next issue.

JCC UDJC IEUWV EN JUZ CEEW

JV XN ZMDA IDUD OEPD XP

QEA. —U. MDPUX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1417

Irony is the gaiety of reflection and the joy of wisdom.

—ANATOLE FRANCE.

European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Of all the French Realist novels that have been made into films (works by Stendhal, Flaubert, Daudet, and the rest), Zola's have proved by far the most photogenic. Five of them, including *L'Assommoir* and *Le Rêve*, have each appeared in three cinema versions; *Nana* was transferred to the screen five times: in Italy, Mexico, the U.S., and twice in France. In all, I count thirty-three motion pictures derived from Zola novels, including Vadim's *La Curée* of 1966, with Jane Fonda. Nor should one forget *The Life of Emile Zola*, memorably acted by Paul Muni.

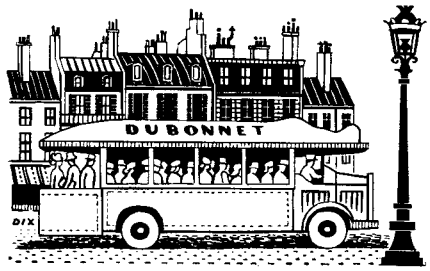
The latest Zola film is *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, which deals with the problems created by priestly celibacy. The tragic tale of the young priest (played by Francis Huster) in love with his milk-skinned parishioner Albine was directed by Georges Franju. The movie is even more of a model of fidelity to the original than Franju's previous adaptations of Hervé Bazin's *La Tête contre les murs* and Mauriac's *Thérèse Desqueyroux*.

French Symbolists have never had a comparable attraction for film-makers. But France will shortly be seeing a movie about—of all people—Arthur Rimbaud. It is commonly said that there were two Rimbauds: the precocious poet who stopped writing at nineteen, when he broke off his homosexual relationship with Paul Verlaine, and the soldier of fortune, smuggler, arms peddler, and even (as a letter written in August 1890 seems to indicate) slave trader. This latter Rimbaud, who can be seen in a photograph taken in Ethiopia, wearing beard, boots, leather vest, and sombrero, and fingering his rifle, is the hero of Jacques Lanzmann's new film, which the director calls *"un immense Western."* The picture opens with Verlaine shooting at his young lover in Brussels and ends with Rimbaud's death in Marseilles.

Just as the Italians competed with the French on several Zola films, they are in Ethiopia this month to begin work on their own version of the "other" Rimbaud.

Unremitting attention continues to be paid to Ezra Pound. A recent article in the *Times Literary Supplement* summarizes ten new books by or about the poet. Naturally, one of the themes was Pound's relationship with Eliot. In conclusion, the anonymous reviewer quotes Eliot's 1918 comment on the *Cantos* of Pound: "In appearance, it is a ragbag of Mr. Pound's reading in various languages, from which one fragment after another is dragged to light and illuminated by the beauty of his phrase . . . . And yet the thing has, after one has read it once or twice, a positive coherence; it is an objective and reticent autobiography." To which the writer adds, "If critics of the generation of Leavis, Tate, and Blackmur could learn from Eliot, we might do worse; at least in this hint, abandoned by Eliot in his subsequent writings about Pound, there is a promise of something to work on."

F.R. Leavis, a man who always has the last word, delivered it in the next issue of *TLS*: "Toward the very end of Eliot's life I received a letter from him written to say . . . that he wished to tell me that he now agreed with me completely about the *Cantos*: 'Boring.' He



summed up his revised judgment with this word. He added that there were a dozen lines he would except from this dismissal."

Barcelona continues to justify its claim as Spain's leading city in the publication of contemporary and experimental Spanish novels. The latest development is Ediciones Picazo's El Tábano (Gadfly) Collection, edited by Francisco Jover. Critic José Domingo aptly calls its stable of writers a *salon des indépendants*." The first of the new titles, *Ceguera al azul* (freely, Blinded by the Blue), by Javier Tomeo, shows the imprint of Kafka on the younger generation of Spanish writers. Tomeo commands a sure, direct, and effective style. His protagonist, caught in the mechanism of an urban, bureaucratic society, is obsessed by stories of a mysterious land called Benujistán, which he cannot find on any map. Undaunted by the absurdity of his quest, he embarks on a five-year search: "I have not lost hope of finding Benujistán. I should say in all sincerity that every passing day I sense it nearer. Some

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nights in the solitude of my room in a third-rate boarding house, I seem to hear a chorus of friendly voices, very close now, intoning hymns of welcome and solemn *Te Deums*. And then, in the background of this infinite gloom, a shaft of light opens up, a distant blue splendor."

Tomeo's hero will not make it to his Shangri-la, any more than Kafka's K. was able to reach his castle. But, unlike K., he will return better able to accept the world in which he must live.

More than any other European country, England is concerned about the rising cost of book publishing. The attempt to aid publishers and authors by granting them a fee on library borrowing, discussed last year in this column, seems to have hit a stone wall. Expenses for printing and binding have risen 25 per cent during the last twelvemonth alone. Publisher Peter Owen worries that "fiction will expire because of staggering increases in production costs," or, at least, that "fiction by new writers will cease to be published."

An experiment is now being tried in England, applied only, however, to new writers. The publisher Blond is issuing three first novels in the form of duplicated typescripts, set on an IBM typesetter and reproduced on a Gestetner Offset machine. Printings will range from 1,000 to 2,000 copies, with a retail price of about ten shillings each. The three garish-sounding titles, *You Gotta Be Strong*, *The Carnival Bear*, and *Vagina Rex*, will earn for their authors a royalty of 10 per cent and a share of subsidiary rights.

The literary renaissance in the American Southwest is not always taken seriously in Europe. Typically unappreciative is the *Times Literary Supplement*, which keeps worrying about the number of manuscripts and rare editions exported to Texas, where the highest bidders are. Now, however, two Southwestern literary journals have won the high regard of élite European literary circles. The award to Giuseppe Ungaretti of the first International Literary Prize offered by the University of Oklahoma's *Books Abroad* attracted much attention, with *Le Figaro littéraire* viewing the honor as parallel to the Nobel Prize. University of Texas's excellent journal *Dimension*, which keeps the English-speaking world abreast of literary production in Germany (with liberal translations), won an accolade of welcome in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, where Horst Bienek called it "as carefully and fully informed about present-day German literature as almost any publication in Germany."

DAVID REES, AMONG OTHERS

by Anthony West

Random House, 309 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

■ Are archetypes in fiction so often set and familiar because they are so true to life? Such seems the case with Anthony West's fifth novel. Its heavy autobiographical borrowings give an unmistakable impression of British backgrounds and people, and of episodes that are less imagined than recalled and reported. Its line of movement retraces a pattern fixed as long ago as Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh* and repeated innumerable times since—a child's growth from boy to man, from stifling, womblike dependence upon parental direction to rebellious individuality.

David Rees, the boy, must be very close to Anthony West, the novelist. His mother, Gwendolyn Rees, must be at a similarly slight remove from Rebecca West, the author's mother, who, like him, is a writer; the fictional Gwen's artistic talents are simply altered to those of a concert pianist. Her extramarital affair with an unnamed "important personage," which results in the illegitimate birth of David, must somehow reflect Miss West's much-publicized relationship with H. G. Wells early in this century. In still another imitative twist, a "character" steps out of history-legend to play himself: T. E. Lawrence becomes in this novel far more real than he ever was in the supposedly factual biographies that distorted him into the superhuman Lawrence of Arabia.

Thus truth echoes strangely in Anthony West's imagination. Indeed, David's major problem is how to distinguish between what is actual and what is not. He is smothered by deceptions as he tells his own story, focusing in each of seven chapters upon one person (the "others" of the title) who in some way influences his ability to perceive. His mother tries fruitlessly to hide both his bastardy and her motherhood. With few exceptions, adults generally conspire to keep him in blissful dark—his British nanny, his kindergarten teacher, the headmaster of his private boys' school, fellow patients at a tuberculosis sanitarium, his mother's deranged Russian manager.

Intelligent, sensitive, vulnerable, lonely, seemingly a perpetual misfit, David even practices monstrous self-deceptions to protect himself against agonies, until at sixteen he falls in love with an older girl who seduces him. Largely through her he learns to endure by facing his past and his fears, by separating falsity from fact, and by reaching for joy on his own, truly, among "others" of his choosing.

One might expect that by now the familiarity of this story would breed critical contempt, or at least some kind of tolerant boredom. Certainly David's tale speaks little to our younger generation, and perhaps only a middle-aged British audience can fully appreciate the special delights he conjures from memories of the 1920s and 1930s, redolent as they are with nostalgia for steam railroads and open-topped buses, for clotted Devon cream and idyllic summers spent on an uncrowded North Cornwall coast.

And yet it is Anthony West's peculiar insistence on reality that keeps his novel from being either patly derivative or sentimental. Like David, he has obviously himself learned how every happy moment is mixed with illusion, how memory and imagination tend to prettify past experiences. With David, he can entertain the gloomiest suggestions, even that "life was in itself terrible, and only to be endured if one expected nothing from it." His vision, therefore, is tough, sharply etched. The only blurred moments of incredibility come, ironically, when he seems to surrender to the usual stock demands of fiction, as he does in the scene where David is seduced.

Happily, these moments are rare, which may account for the way David still comes through as someone with whom we can readily identify, in our memories and actualities. The model story he tells will probably never pall when handled by a gifted writer.

Robert Maurer teaches in the Literature Department at Antioch College.

Hijack

by Ernest Sandeen

Picking up
speed
as if his
trouble
rose to
roar and
scream

he took off
from the runway
circled once
the peripheral
reality

then headed
straight
inside
himself

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WHITEWATER

by Paul Horgan

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 337 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert L. Perkin

■ Out in a west central Texas valley once upon a time they built a big dam. Eventually the impounded waters formed a deep, long lake, submerging a reluctantly abandoned town.

Whitewater Draw and the drowned village of Whitewater give a name to Paul Horgan's sensitive new novel. The lake figures in several critical moments; in it is the mystique of the whole. The symbolism does not necessarily represent or illuminate; in Mr. Horgan's fine hand it is the glass through which we see as he wants us to see, darkly.

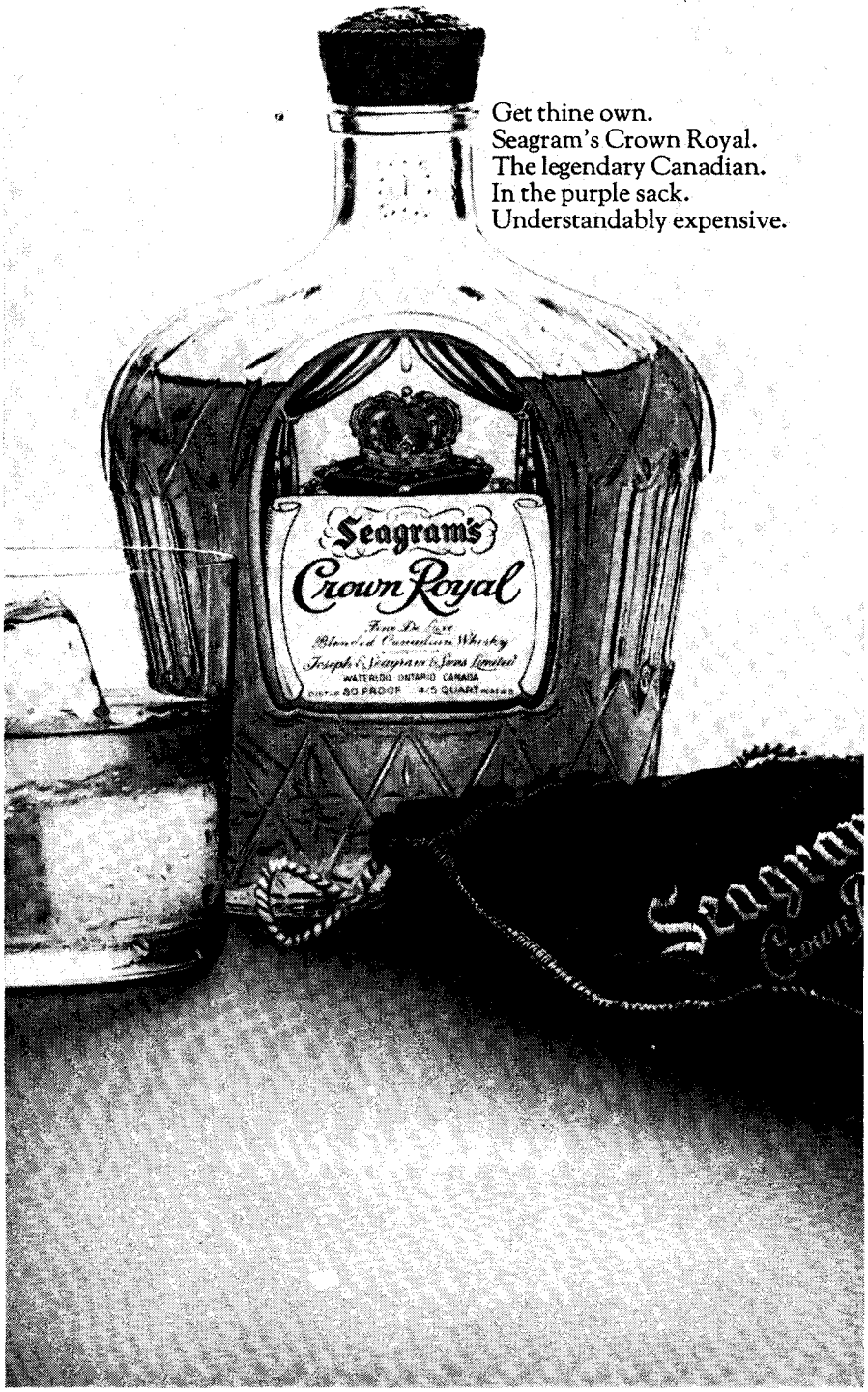
> *"The town of Whitewater is still down there,* how deep? Hundred, three hundred feet? . . . But there it is! Down there are streets, crisscrossing, and *making street corners.* If you were down there you could tell where the streets are by the rows of trees that grew along the walks. . . . They have backyard fences and old telephone poles. They have a junk yard. . . ."
>
> "It's just like looking back," said Phil. "Sometimes you see clearly and sometimes it wavers. But it's all there yet."

Later Phil would put it somewhat differently: "Yes, the reflected sign of life can seem like the past, about which there is so much to learn and remember, while the other, the direct sign, is like the present, which we know and hardly notice by simply living in it."

The speaker is Phillipson Durham, a high school senior, acute, questioning, bookish. The story centers around Phil; his best friend, the handsome Billy Breedlove, competent, self-confident, a "natural leader"; and Marilee, the girl they both love, and who, of course, loves Billy. The plot concerns the death of Billy in a tragic accident and its effect not only on Phil and Marilee but on their elders. The time is 1949, and the scene is Belvedere, the drab, self-respecting small town that inherited Whitewater's myths along with its former inhabitants.

Although marred by some sentimentality and occasional melodrama, the story contains much substance, and it is masterfully told. The brooding, passionate narrative has a lyric pathos and a restrained intensity of feeling that move like dark water eddying and churning down a half-forgotten channel in the night. Surrounding the central characters are authentic men and women, "each privately remarkable and

Stop loving thy neighbor's.



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DOUBLEDAY

Fabian Bachrach

Are we still missing the meaning in the Bible?

■ **WE ARE,** writes Alvin Boyd Kuhn. Yet—"the break with 2,000 years of a literal reading of the cryptograms of arcane wisdom is . . . tremendous." Kuhn bids Christians penetrate the Biblical myths, dramas, symbols, and allegories for the embodied spiritual vision. Lest, he warns, their religion topple under the weight of modern criticism. ■ This powerful new book, completed just before Kuhn's death, challenges the orthodox approach to the life of Jesus and the history of Christianity.

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publicly similar," notably a widow who can remember aspiration, and a gross, randy, alcoholic banker who had wanted to be a history teacher. Mostly, however, *Whitewater* is about a certain tragic springtime, with lilacs in bloom and high school commencement coming soon, and about youth, that prison from which, in Paul Horgan's words, there is no escape until a fixed term is served.

> Older people had seen spring go by often enough to believe that it must go. Young people, no. For they were themselves the time of spring, and what others saw once a year, as it came and must go, in the lilacs and the silver wafts of cloud in the sky by day and the pour of the moon by night, the youngsters seemed to keep all year round. . . . The young people together, seen at any distance, were like motes of life . . . glistening in constant visible storms of movement, acting and interacting among themselves with what in union would seem like mindless and aimless motive; but taken separately, their storms were all internal, and the turmoil of these mostly suppressed, to be released only in the commonplaces upon which all agreed as signals of opinion at any given moment . . . The need to think freshly was often diverted into the conventions of their hour; and the one or two or three of the young who found ways to escape it became either heroes or outcasts. Parents thought endlessly about their young, but as individuals; and yet the young created a society with its own tyrannies of style which required all to be more or less alike. What remained as the most visible, and the most touching, impression, was the vitality of the students, which incessantly celebrated the process of life of which they were the newest illustrations. Their willfulness, which they believed to be their own brilliant invention, was but the assertion of forces to which they, like their parents before them in their own season, could only be obedient.
>
> The vital youth in those bodies and eyes and breaths, their intentions and purposes, were all they yet knew; and wouldn't these be all they would ever know, which therefore must last forever?—of that much they were sure.

The adult Phil Durham, scholar and writer, who looks back in reverie "with his wife waiting for him in sleep," his own children "strenuously dreaming," has been shaped out of youth's heroic and mutable certainties. If his hour of trial was more severe than most, the author who created him looks on with compassion and understanding. It is an attitude that other parents might consider.

Robert L. Perkin, a student of the American West, is author of "The First Hundred Years."

THE EDIBLE WOMAN

by Margaret Atwood

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 281 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ Marian MacAlpin is a young college graduate who works in a Canadian city for Seymour Surveys, revising technical questionnaires into understandable English and sometimes going out herself to gather opinions about clients' products. At the beginning of this novel, for no particular reason except that it seems the thing to do, she becomes engaged to Peter, a "nicely packaged" conservative young lawyer with an obviously bright future.

Marian's roommate, Ainsley, decides to have a baby without the encumbrance of a legal husband, but changes her mind when she gets pregnant. Marian's college friend Clara and her husband Joe have three howling, smel-

ly children and seem unable to cope. In the course of one of her product surveys, Marian picks up a graduate student named Duncan, who finds ironing soothing and tells Marian when kissing her, "You're just another substitute for the laundromat."

Margaret Atwood, a Canadian poet, tries hard to be whimsical about all this, but what might be briefly amusing becomes tedious when presented lengthily in rambling fashion. She offers an occasional apt phrase (children are "swept down the marble stairs in a waterfall of strident laughter"), but sharp imagery cannot make up for trite characterization and lack of plot.

As Marian's wedding day approaches, she begins to lose her appetite. At first she cannot swallow steak, then other meats and eggs make her ill, and finally even a vegetarian diet proves indigestible. A party at Peter's apartment is a disaster, and so is a night in a cheap hotel with Duncan. Eventually Marian bakes a sponge cake and molds it into the shape of a woman. She feeds it to Peter, telling him, "You've been trying to assimilate me." Her engagement broken, she feels better, and manages to eat some of the cake herself.

If any or all of this draws you, do give the book a glance. Otherwise, in a world where books filled with drama, passion, humanity, humor, fantasy, challenge, or even love are galloping into print, forget it.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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The Golden Age

Continued from page 33

ry'" with simple folk. He is inaccurate when he suggests that Jefferson —whom Dowdey, with pretentious informality, repeatedly calls "Tom"— "[did] not reveal any great esteem" for his mother in his laconic references to her in his notebooks. Jefferson was reticent about all purely personal matters, considering his private feelings—about women and his family—of no legitimate public concern. He even destroyed letters to and from his wife after her death, and he wrote the epitaph for her tombstone in Greek. Again, despite Jefferson's disabling migraine headaches, Dowdey insists that he "never suffered from any serious ailments."

Even as the penman of liberty, Jefferson receives only secondary credit. Although in the closing lines of his epilogue Dowdey grants Jefferson's seminal contribution to the canon of freedom, he suggests that this was possible only because of the opportunities Virginia gave him. Nor does the immortal "Summary View of the Rights of British America" escape Dowdey's caveats. In this great document, the author declares, Jefferson is "intemperate and unconciliatory," "bold and rash," and, if you please, guility of an "irreverent address directly to George III."

It is difficult, as I have said, to imagine how anyone could make the history of pre-Revolutionary Virginia anything less than exciting, but Mr. Dowdey has succeeded.

Wilson Sullivan, Presidential biographer and critic, is at work on a conceptual study of Thomas Jefferson to be published next year.

WIT TWISTER #184

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Where vicious _ _ _ _ _ _
guards his home,

Or the _ _ _ _ _ _ lion roars
like thunder,

Travelers should never roam!

The ones who _ _ _ _ _ _ are
six feet under.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 64*)

"She will never write a more revealing memoir,"

writes Thomas Lask in the *New York Times* about Katherine Anne Porter's COLLECTED ESSAYS. "Her prose is a nine-day's delight." Critics differ, of course, on their favorites. Hilton Kramer, of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, praises the selections from her unfinished book on Cotton Mather —"a work that gives every sign of being a masterpiece." Charles Samuels, in the *New Republic*, welcomes " 'A Wreath for the Gamekeeper,' which passionately and comically denounces *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and 'The Wooden Umbrella,' a scintillating put-down of Gertrude Stein." Choosing among countless "small masterpieces," the *Chicago Sun-Times* reviewer sums up: "It is all good work, and there can never be enough of it." Much of this material has never before been anthologized; some has never before appeared in print. But the chief merit of the collection remains Miss Porter herself. Carl Bode, in the *Baltimore Evening Sun* concludes: "She weaves an imperishable web."

Robert Phillips

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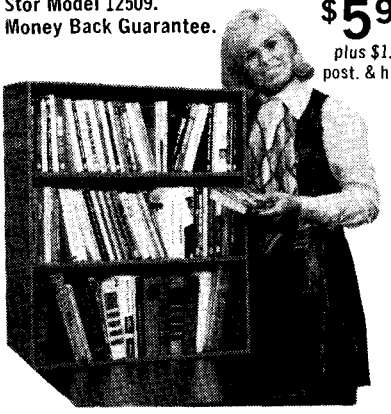

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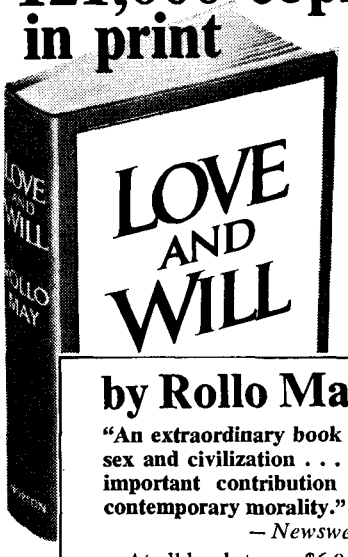

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Lone Eagle

Continued from page 32

and in operation the resulting vibration would break the lines, resulting in disastrous oil losses. Lindbergh cut these lines and put rubber spacers between the cuts so that the vibration would not cripple his flight.

Throughout his *Journals* Lindbergh relates observations, events, and details, many of which have not been told before, that add considerable depth to our understanding of the period. An example is this entry for May 31, 1941:

> Spent half an hour with Hoover in his apartment at the Waldorf Tower. Hoover thinks England may be considering a negotiated peace and that the terms may be under discussion at this moment. There are strong rumors, according to Hoover, that Churchill will tell Roosevelt that either the United States enters the war in the near future or England will negotiate.
>
> At one time during our conversation we discussed the possibility of Roosevelt being impeached before his term expires. We both feel it is possible but not probable.
>
> Hoover says many children in Belgium are now dying from starvation and that a great many more will be permanently stunted and weakened from lack of food. He feels Belgium is the worst area at the moment.
>
> Hoover said this morning that the British "cannot win" the war! That seemed obvious to me before they declared it. But why has it taken Hoover so long to come around to that conclusion? It is partly due to his underestimation of air power. But in addition to that, I do not believe he recognized the decadence in England or the virility in Germany. Hoover, like most other Americans—though in a much lesser degree—had never carefully analyzed the claim to greatness of the present generation of Englishmen. It was an inherited claim, and, like most things inherited, it had never stood the test of conflict. A great tradition can be inherited, but greatness itself must be won.

Because of the unique perspective from which they were written, *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* deserve the earnest attention of the serious student of history and international affairs, and because of the integrity, farsightedness, and dedication of an extraordinary American, they will also appeal to the general reader.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 h, 2d, 3j (*Emma*), 4f (*Death of a Salesman*), 5g (*The Scarlet Letter*), 6i (*Alice in Wonderland*), 7a, 8c, 9b (*To Kill a Mockingbird*), 10e (*Anna Karenina*).

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Samuel Beckett

Continued from page 30

writes Miss Brée, "no existing lexicon or encyclopedia would be adequate for those seeking a precise definition of every term or explanation of each allusion." To the common treacheries of language, Beckett has added his own.

Still, there already exists an enormous literature—considerably larger, indeed, than Beckett's own bibliography—devoted to the explication and interpretation of that language. The bulk of it is of interest only to other Beckett specialists, but one of the most recent contributions to the list, *Samuel Beckett: Poet and Critic*, by Professor Lawrence E. Harvey of Dartmouth College, sheds an interesting light on Beckett's early writings. These were mainly poems and critical writings, and Professor Harvey's book is not only a guide to this work but also a useful anthology of it. His account of Beckett's first poem, the difficult *Whoroscope* (1930), a poetic "study" of Descartes (included, together with its original notes, in the volume *Poems in English* in the *Collected Works*), is all but indispensable to an understanding of Beckett's philosophical outlook. And the detailed résumé of Beckett's critical writings is, if not indispensable, certainly illuminating about the vast reservoir of thought and learning that underlie the obscurities of the later and more important works. Professor Harvey's book, with its many biographical details, also reminds us that Beckett's life itself will someday make a work of absorbing interest. The painful story of a writer balancing his "obligation to express" against his conviction that there is, in the end, "nothing to express" is Beckettian drama of a high order.

A word about the *Collected Works*. The sixteen volumes Grove has now issued do not constitute a "collected edition" in the usual sense. There is no editorial apparatus—no notes or introductions or revisions. One would hardly expect a writer of Beckett's views to emulate Henry James's performance in preparing the great New York Edition of his works, with its elaborate revisions and virtuoso introductions to each volume. But one would expect—well, something; if not from Beckett, then from someone else. The *Collected Works* is simply a reprinting of the individual books that appeared earlier, and each volume may be purchased separately. One is, however, delighted to have so much of Beckett in print, and we can still hope for a more comprehensive edition at some future date.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Chercher le Sandwich

NARBONNE, FRANCE.

IT IS PROBABLY to the credit of this somewhat esoteric corner of southern France that a man who is in a hurry to file a weekly column can't find a typewriter equipped with the familiar American keyboard. So I hunt and peck through a strange land while motor scooters rush up the main street and night falls too early in a warm but fading season.

Paris, only two days behind, already seems long ago, and I can't say I miss it. The city was still enchanting and, except for the emergence of lower hemlines (*always* matched with boots), looked about as I left it in the early summer of 1969. But all large cities grate, and after a long weekend in Paris I couldn't wait to catch a Monday afternoon flight to Toulouse, an hour away by Air Inter, the French domestic carrier.

American tourists spend most of their French days in Paris, the Côte d'Azur, or the Loire Valley, and occasionally lance out to places like Normandy and Brittany, but it's obvious after even a short spell in the environs of Toulouse that my countrymen have passed up this region almost altogether. In fact, the whole southern slice of France known as Languedoc remains something of an offtrail destination for the French themselves. Toulouse, the country's fourth largest city (behind Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons), is the capital of Languedoc and, if not a compelling stop in itself, a logical base for expeditions into the surrounding plain.

I got off on the wrong foot with the Toulousains when, interviewed on my arrival at the airport by a reporter for the daily *La Dépêche du Midi*, I mumbled something about hoping to get through midday meals with a minimum of time spent gorging, so I might sit down to dinner with a full day's work behind me. The next morning's edition told of a strange visitor from afar who expected to cruise through this gastronomically rich region on nothing but sandwiches. I should have known better. Nobody let me near a sandwich until this evening, when duty keeps me in my hotel room through dinner. Of course, I am not starving. *Le sandwich* has arrived, with a ton of fruit.

Languedoc existed apart until it was joined to the French domain in 1271, but even today it impresses the newcomer as a distinct land with different language, people, terrain, and style. It is named in fact for the old language of the south, *la langue d'oc*, still spoken in far corners of the broad and soaring plain that stretches westward from Provence. What remains is more a patois than a language. "We pronounce every letter, every syllable," a Toulousain told me. "And we roll the 'r' instead of running it through the throat as they do in Paris." The words come tumbling out something like Spanish. There is also an Iberian touch in the white stucco houses with red tile roofs, the dark visages, and the black garb of the old.

Weather is peculiar here, pleasant for the most part but always at the mercy of the shifting winds that either blow up hot and enervating from the North African desert (*vent d'autan*) or cool and brisk from Bordeaux (*cers*). Toulouse was bending to the former on the afternoon I explored the old section of town, which is flanked by the Garonne River and the Canal du Midi. One of the city's modern successes is the Jacobin church, being restored after centuries of neglect dating back to the French Revolution when it was turned into a barracks. Among other uses, it has served as a dance hall. Most of the restoration has been completed, though the floor, still dirt, and a cloister need work. The job has been supervised by a Toulousain who became inspired by the cathedral some twenty years ago, when as a boy of fourteen, he led tours through the decaying hulk.

My first Languedoc dinner lasted a routine three and a half hours, an excursion that took me through something the potluck-supper ladies back home call a hot dish but which Languedoc reveres as *cassoulet*. It comes in various combinations but usually includes goose well cooked, sausages, and *haricots blancs* or white beans. Languedoc also turns out a prized paté, and the local trout seems to land on most lunch and dinner tables.

Toulouse has a slew of glittering discothèques, one of which is entered through a glass tube. Although I might

—Photos by Jane Bobczynski

Cordes in the afternoon (left) and harvest time—"Suddenly a cluster of grapes would land in her basket."

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have been glad to leave such action behind on the Left Bank, on that night I badly needed the postprandial exercise.

It is late now, and the hunting and pecking have tired me. The street below is quiet but for a cricket's chirp and the dripping of rain from the trees. My mountain of fruit has been reduced to a pile of peels. And I am hungry. *Tant pis.*

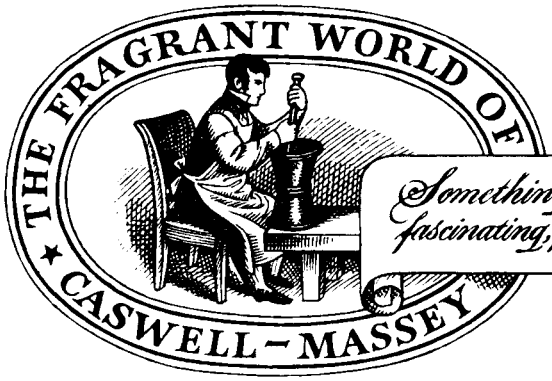
MONTPELLIER.

A DAY HAS PASSED, and I compete with the street sounds of a larger city. I would work again through the hallowed dinner hour, but that would mean standing up the mayor of the nearby coastal town of Palavas, so even though a deadline draws near and I cannot look another piece of paté in the truffle, I shall break shortly.

Toulouse, now beginning to seem as far away as Paris, was hazy and warm on Tuesday morning when I headed northeast to the medieval cities of Cordes and Albi in the company of Renée-Claire Argence, a young Toulousaine from the local tourist office. Our first stop was a reservoir-turned-lake named St. Ferréol, just above the town of Revel. People from Toulouse and the neighboring region flock to the lake on warm summer weekends, but now, on a sparkling September weekday, the somewhat crusty shore was deserted but for a few fishing boats tied up in the muddy shallows. I waded past the mud to a firmer bottom and then lay back and watched the gliders—so popular in this drafty corner of France—float through an unblemished sky.

Cordes, a fortified village not yet overrun by tourists, commands an impressive stand at the top of a winding road above the Languedoc plain. We kept lunch down to a two-hour snack at L'hostellerie du Vieux Cordes, limiting ourselves to a paté, a plateful of *écrevisses* (small, river crayfish), a cheese croquette, and steak au poivre. Then we worked it off climbing the town's narrow, cobbled streets, poking in and out of shops bearing leatherwork, straw baskets, hand-woven shawls, and other specialities the artisans of Cordes have been fashioning for centuries.

Wandering up the steep and less traveled byways, we came across an old couple, dressed in heavy black on this balmy late-summer afternoon, out inspecting the grape vines hanging from the walls of their ancient stone house. He was manning the ladder, and she was standing on the ground, a basket in hand, telling him what to pluck. She would say (according to Mlle. Argence), "I don't see any grapes in that vine." He would kindly dispute her judgment, then disappear into a tangle of leaves, and suddenly a cluster of purple grapes would land in her bas-



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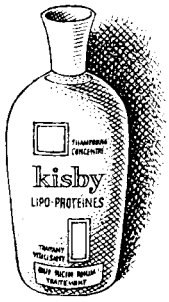

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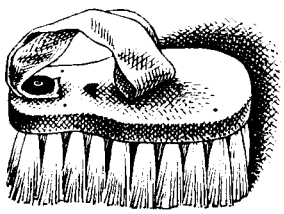

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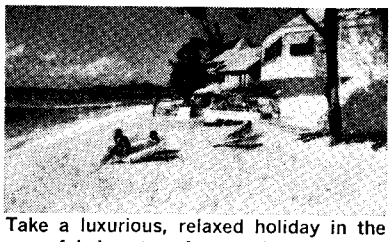

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ket. From somewhere in the background, behind a high stone wall, came the throb of a French pop song.

I interrupt this discourse to keep my date with the mayor of Palavas. . . .

I have returned in three and a half hours, neither drunk nor bloated. To achieve sobriety during working hours I have relied on *jus de pamplemousse* or grapefruit juice. When I asked my host if this were a French product, he said, "No. Libby's."

After Cordes, we drove to Albi through long corridors of *platanes*, the noble shade trees of southern France. This well-kept cathedral town divides its affection between two favorite sons, Toulouse-Lautrec and an eighteenth-century navigator named La Pérouse, who did some important exploring in the Pacific Northwest before perishing in the New Hebrides. There is a Toulouse-Lautrec Museum in Albi's Palais de la Berbie, whose high red walls stand guard above the Tarn River. Several hundred of the artist's works decorate the palace's ornate interior, including his first teen-age oils of horse and rider and later sketches, posters, and paintings of Pigalle womanhood.

Toulouse-Lautrec was born in 1864 in a handsome stone manse, opened only this summer to the public. Madame du Vignaud, a gracious woman whose father was a cousin of the artist, showed us through the house while her pet dachshund, Reza, yapped at our feet. She and her husband, three children, Reza, and three cats live in another wing of this long-time family mansion. Among the Lautrec mementos are a baby crib and the golden chaise longue on which he convalesced and sharpened his art after falling and breaking a leg, the first of two tragic fractures.

Albi's St. Cecilia Cathedral, its red walls jutting up beside the Palais de la Berbie, welcomes visitors to a nighttime *son et lumière*, an unobtrusive production that unfolds within the vast and richly decorated interior. The cathedral's intricate handpainted ceiling design has been mentioned in the same sentence with the Sistine Chapel.

After you've seen one ancient fortified city, I hesitate to say you've seen them all, but the images one retains do tend to run together. Carcassonne, south of Albi, is perhaps an exception, its gray turreted towers rearing into the broad Languedoc sky like some Hollywood-designed fairy castle. Actually, Carcassonne is a bit of a retread. More than a century ago the old section of Carcassonne, la Cité, was about to be torn down when a local archeologist stopped the decree for its demolition. The task of restoration fell to the architect Viollet-le-Duc, who also rebuilt the Abbey of Vézelay in Burgundy and the walls of Avignon. The job he did on Carcassonne would please and convince all but the dustiest of architectural purists who feel that the roofs should have been done in the flat tiles of the period rather than in gray slate.

You can't say the tourists haven't discovered Carcassonne: Guided tour groups throng the battlements even in this waning season, and souvenir shops crowd the commercial stores along its well-trod streets. What surprised me were the modest hotel and restaurant rates in the old city, such as $5.50 to $20 for a room at the stately, ivy-clad Hôtel de la Cité, and $1.80 to $2.40 for a full midday go at one of the stone-and-timber *crêperies*. I was lured away from such mundane fare and fed at a hotel just outside the walls, the Logis de Trencavel. Its owner and Maître-Cuisinier (a title accorded to fewer than one hundred cooks in France and twenty in the United States) is the beaming Marcel Aymeric who looks as though he eats his own cooking. One of his specialities is Languedoc's own *cassoulet*. I hardly had room for it, after M. Aymeric's smooth paté, a fish called *loup* (wolf of the sea), and *trou normand*, an apple brandy designed to ready one's insides for the not exactly lightweight *cassoulet*. Tough life.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

New Sounds for the New Met Season

THE MET has a new Santuzza for *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Cossotto is her name. The Met has a new embodiment of the four principal male roles in Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann* and Bacquier is his name. It also has a stalwart new basso for such roles as Silva in Verdi's *Ernani*, and his name is Ruggero Raimondi. But, taken together, the best of much of the first week of the new season was the promise of a new spirit to go with its new names and new impersonations, and it couldn't happen at a better time.

For all the effort expended in making the January to May part of last season representative of what is customarily called "Metropolitan quality," it went more by fits than starts. And the "June festival" was more of an improvisation than an improvement. Given a few more weeks of what has been heard lately, this could be forgotten as well as past.

Cossotto, of course, has been in the company if not exactly of it since 1968. In a normal sequence her first Santuzza could have been celebrated in glowing terms along with Franco Zeffirelli's new (1970) production, of which she was a planned part. However, the long work stoppage and the rearrangement of scheduling also brought about a rearrangement of casting. No matter. In the aftermath of her fine Amneris, Laura in *Gioconda*, and Eboli in *Don Carlo*, Cossotto has given a new birth of credibility to Mascagni's much sung but not always well-served creation.

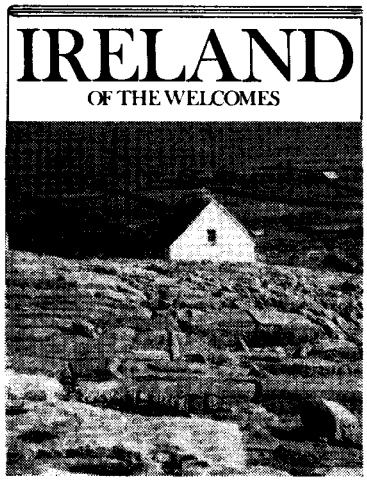
One may say that the characterization itself had undergone a rebirth of credibility since it was first observed at La Scala a few seasons back under the authoritarian and repressive direction of Herbert von Karajan. Amplitude and intensity were both present in larger measure in Fausto Cleva's kind of Mascagni, to the benefit of the cast as a whole and Cossotto in particular. Though Santuzza is commonly considered a soprano role, some of its best interpreters have been such Italian mezzos as Bruna Castagna, Cloe Elmo, Fedora Barbieri, and (best as well as most recent) Giulietta Simionato of verdant memory. Cossotto is not only Simionato's direct successor in fervor, in musicality, and in vocal span, but also in the precious ability to infuse a stereotype with her own life's blood.

Dramatically as well as vocally, Cossotto is just approaching her prime, which means that some values are subject to review and refinement. Among these is her tendency to register, visually, what is all too plainly audible in her powerful vocalization. However the audience that reveled in her fervent "Voi lo sapete, O mamma" and rewarded her at the final curtain with an authentic ovation asked for nothing more than it received.

What it received also included a well-sung, naturalistic Turiddu by Placido Domingo and a masterful Alfio by that prince of operatic heavies, Anselmo Colzani. Given this kind of balanced effort under the steady hand of Cleva amid the picturesque village square designed by Zeffirelli, *Cavalleria* was once again the shortest masterpiece in the repertory. It was partnered by a *Pagliacci* whose familiar merits included Teresa Stratas as Nedda, James McCracken as her jealous spouse, and Mario Sereni as Tonio.

Gabriel Bacquier's occasional Metropolitan appearances over a nearly ten-year span have certified him as a good verging on excellent example of the French singing-actor, now passing into the category of acting-singer. Either way, he brings to the multiple villainy of Hoffmann's adversary a practiced meanness of the kind the Metropolitan has not had since Martial Singher at his best. Whether on his own or in company with director Cyril Ritchard, Bacquier commands some nuances of nastiness that carry conviction even when, as Dappertutto, he is hard-pressed to make "Scintille, diamant" the vocal showpiece it is meant to be.

For Nicolai Gedda, too, time has dried somewhat the springs of vocal flow, but his Hoffmann is a poetically credible hero, always ready for one more ill-fated romance. Easily outstanding this time among those he pursued unsuccessfully was Reri Grist, whose virtuosity as Olympia extended not only to a perfect visual likeness of the mechanical doll but also to the clipped, precise kind of sound one imagines such an automaton might produce. Laurel Hurley was one paragon and Lily Pons another, but Grist has made the part her own for now, and as long as she cares to perform it. Rosalind Elias made her own kind of seductive sounds in "O belle nuit," but the slink she affected could hardly beguile so practiced a voyeur as Hoffmann. Pilar Lorengar was a new, able Antonia. Also new, and rather more



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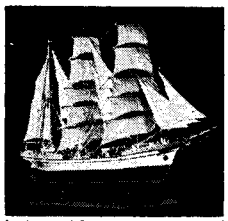

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Far Out Ideas in Faraway Places

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than able, was Frederica von Stade, whose Nicklausse was a joy to behold and a delight to hear. As a debut assignment, *Hoffmann* sounded to be more complex in its combined orchestral, choral, and balletic interaction than Serge Baudo could handle adroitly, but another opportunity may tell another story. As Andrea Velis demonstrated in his Lon Chaney study of the Andrès-Cochenille-Pitichinaccio-Frantz foursome of bit parts, the kaleidoscopic contrasts of *Hoffmann* leave little place for anything but the most practiced professionalism.

The week's Verdi fared less well not for absence of able vocalists but, in both *Ernani* (one of those Metropolitan rarities in recent years, an opening performance for which there were more than a few empty seats) and *La Traviata,* by the presence of vocal ability of not quite the kind required. As Elvira, Martina Arroyo demonstrated all the strength and forthrightness that makes her Aïda outstanding, but leaves the gentler, more flowing line of "Ernani, involami" overweighted and inert. As Violetta, Teresa Zylis-Gara exhibited the fine sound and technical precision admired in her Mozart, but applied it to the creation of a courtesan much more "square" and emotionally stolid than suits the volatile, pleasure-loving Parisian.

Among the male performers in the two casts the most striking impression was conveyed by Raimondi. He has both the physical height and the vocal depth to take an honored place among those who have feasted on such fare as Silva's "Infelice," and he also made something more than a conventional graybeard of the elderly contestant for Elvira's favor. Just now his rich sound is not as well controlled as it could be, but, at twenty-eight with a debut in Spoleto only five years behind him, he has made an impressive beginning on what could be a notable career.

The Verdi conductors (Thomas Schippers for *Ernani,* Richard Bonynge for *Traviata*) both subscribe to the modish vogue in which momentum is the equivalent of animation, and propulsion the source of vivacity. In both performances more breadth and discrimination at the conductor's desk would have enhanced the outcome. However, neither could have affected other shortcomings: Sherrill Milnes's primitive stage deportment as Carlo (in *Ernani*), Giacomo Aragall's inability to sustain the pitch in *Traviata.* Bonynge was altogether happier in his other assignment of the week, another *Norma* with Mrs. B (Joan Sutherland) and Marilyn Horne in the leading roles, and Ezio Flagello as Oroveso and Franco Tagliavini as Pollione.

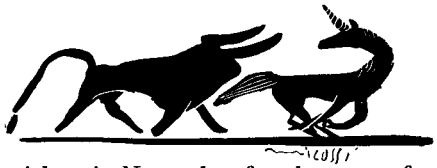
TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Painful Passing

ABOUT THE TIME this appears in print the last of eleven summer *Smothers Brothers* comedy-variety programs on the ABC Television Network will have been viewed by a disappointingly small number of fans who stuck with the crew-cut and the longhair to the bitter end. Disappointing indeed have been the all-powerful ratings, according to Tom Smothers, who talked to me rather dispiritedly about the duo's summer experience in a recent telephone conversation. To be topped in the ratings race by *Hawaii Five-O* was painful enough; but to be quantitatively inferior to another fraternal combination, *The Everly Brothers* (darlings of the Silent Majority), was pushing Job's fate. Tommy took some small comfort in the traditional anti-Nielsen refrain: "Either the show didn't reach a wide audience or people watching were not being counted."

"This is it," vouchsafed the often ambivalent head and heart of the Smothers Brothers team. "ABC has an option, which it may exercise, if it



wishes, in November for the start of a regular series in January 1971, but they're not going to pick it up. The Smothers Brothers will not do another series; after a while, the act will disband. I don't want to do TV anymore. Dick has a boat and may cruise with his family down the California coast to the Caribbean. I'd like to direct films; right now I'm doing a film for Warner Brothers. I play a guy who's dropping out. I'm not concerned with anything except being an actor." The passing of stars in the show-biz heavens is too natural an order of things to invite sentiment. Dick admitted that the brothers have enjoyed twelve good years. The causes of sudden death in the ratings puzzle is still a mystery; perhaps the life-span of comedians is shortening at an accelerated tempo. "We can't complain," wisely concluded Dick.

We have it then from an authoritative source—the demise of the *Smothers Brothers* show. For viewers who enjoyed their odd mixture of homespun, middle-class American youthful, folk, and "controversial" ideas, the passing hurts a bit (they join a long, honorable line of entertainers who tried to fight within the system and were either expelled or tranquilized). There is little point in belaboring the obvious, such as: "It is we, the viewers who are the losers; the total cultural scene is diminished, etc. . . ."

Only gentle irony can turn the small pain into quiet laughter. The gravediggers are burying the wrong corpse; the show that died this summer on ABC was not, to reverse Arthur Koestler, the ghost in the machine but the machine without the ghost. The real *Smothers Brothers* show died months earlier, on the CBS Television Network, at the hands of decision-makers who murdered ideas in the name of logistics.

CBS said it was canceling the show because the brothers wouldn't meet schedules. But why are schedules important if not to permit time to censor unwelcome ideas? Being human, the brothers wanted to prove a point: Their object in returning to ABC for the summer series was to make a record that would warrant a regular series again. ABC, like Rigoletto, thought it was buying the Duke in a bag, but it got only Gilda. The network demanded total control of the shows, including the selection of writers and guests. "We compromised," Tommy said candidly. "Everybody knew the situation. The network wanted the same kind of stand-up variety show—but without the satire. I said, 'Cool down.' The writers did it themselves. The budget was low; the network's concept was singers and dancers. There was no fun in it anymore; our momentum was broken. I was embarrassed to see the early shows, but the network liked them."

The brothers, groping for something to revivify the series, turned to experimentation in techniques of presentation. They tried quiet, deliberately low-keyed shows with no studio audiences, without canned laughter. I saw a few of these efforts and thought they were innovative and fresh. But, said Tommy: "They really didn't care. They're not interested in new shows; they're not conditioned that way. One young writer said to me in amazement, 'How could you possibly do a show without an audience?' " How indeed! As they intern the wrong corpse, then, let mourners pass by without studio tears but with silent memories of small, brave pleasures.

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Political dinner, 1970.

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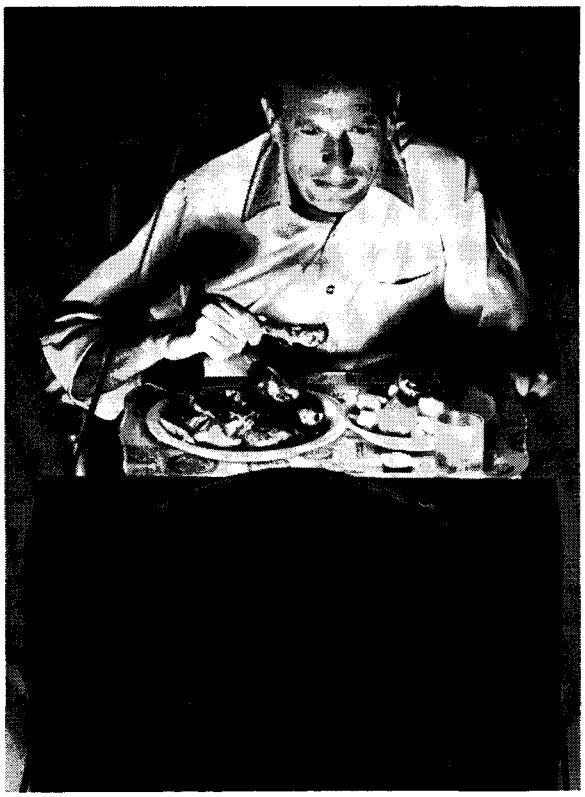

Discovery. Discovery Goes to Ireland; Trans-Atlantic Voyage; Finland; Fast Freight to Nashville; Cherokee Past; Portugal; Thoroughbred Yearling; To All the World's Children. Sundays, Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25; Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 noon).

Wild Kingdom. Lions of Gir Forest; Netting a Jaguar; Ruler of Kalahari; Queen of Everglades; Caribou; Giants of Dadanawa; Voyage of Golden Dolphin; Bobcat Bayou; Miracle of Motion. Sundays, Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25; Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (7-7:30 pm).

The Catholic Dilemma. CBS News views problems facing the Church. Tuesday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm).

World Series. High spot of the national pastime. First game: Saturday, Oct. 10.

Zoos of the World. National Geographic films zoos from Central Park to Tanzania. Tuesday, Oct. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Television and Politics. CBS News probes TV's influence. Tuesday, Oct. 27 (10-11 pm).

NBC's Children's Theatre. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters; Pets Allowed, with Sid Caesar. Saturdays, Oct. 31, Nov. 28 (12 noon-1 pm).

Tales of Washington Irving. Animated versions of *Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Rip Van Winkle.* Sunday, Nov. 1 (5-6 pm).

Election Coverage. Countrywide reports of 1970 voting. Tuesday, Nov. 3. Consult local listings for time.

Kifaru—the Black Rhinoceros. Study of endangered African rhino. Thursday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Klowns. Backstage tour of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sammy Davis, Jr., host. Sunday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Hamlet. Richard Chamberlain, Sir Michael Redgrave, Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Sir John Gielgud in a new production of the Shakespearean play. Tuesday, Nov. 17 (9-11 pm).

Tragedy of the Red Salmon. Jacques Cousteau on life cycle of Alaskan salmon. Tuesday, Nov. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Animated version of Twain satire. Thursday, Nov. 26 (12 noon-1:30 pm).

Festival at Ford's. America's contributions to world music from historic Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C. Thursday, Nov. 26 (8:30-9:30 pm).

To All the World's Children. Film essay on children of today's world (continued on *Discovery*). Friday, Nov. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Milne classic, Disney style. Monday, Nov. 30 (7:30-8 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/ Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/ The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/ Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Festival Felicities

THIS YEAR'S New York Film Festival took place at a moment when faith in the medium was beginning to flag. While the festival was not exempt from mediocrity, the mediocrity was at least of a different kind from the wearisome youth-sex-violence routine that has usurped our screens of late. Almost without exception, the two dozen features shown during the eleven-day program were works of serious intent. In addition to Bob Rafelson's rich and resonant film about an alienated drifter, *Five Easy Pieces* [*SR*, Sept. 26], the festival introduced three fine productions from abroad that went into commercial release immediately following their Lincoln Center showings.

The festival opened with François Truffaut's *The Wild Child (L'Enfant Sauvage)*. At a time when technical extravagance and breaking of taboos is the order of the day, its straightforward simplicity and controlled sobriety seem refreshingly off-key. The film is based on fact. In 1798, some villagers near the forest of Aveyron in southeastern France captured a savage boy who had managed to survive in the wilderness—wholly isolated and without any human contact—for most of his twelve years. The child was brought to Paris and placed in the custody of Jean Itard, a doctor at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, who believed that the boy could be educated and transformed into a rational member of society despite his seeming inability to utter or even perceive any sound.

Truffaut tells the story, in semi-documentary style, of Itard's painstaking attempts to break through the wild child's curtain of incomprehension and indifference. The film is deliberately archaic, not only in its technique—black-and-white photography, the irising in and out of scenes, reliance on long shots—but also in its stilted narration and its restrained performances. It is, indeed, a typically French exercise in neoclassicism, akin to that which sent Debussy and Ravel scurrying to the eighteenth century for models and inspiration, and it suits this material marvelously well.

Jean-Pierre Cargol is both appealing and credible as the tamed savage caught between impulses of defiance and dependence, and Truffaut makes an admirable acting debut as Dr. Itard. He took the role, he says, so as not to interpose any intermediary between him and the boy, but one suspects that he also undertook the assignment because of his identification with Itard's old-fashioned faith in the human potential. Despite its surface formality, Truffaut's performance is suffused with radiant tenderness—an unsentimental kind of tenderness that is both this director's hallmark (*vide* the Antoine Donel films) and his particular glory.

Ken Loach's *Kes* bears several superficial resemblances to *The Wild Child*. It too concerns the education of a recalcitrant boy, and it too has a certain documentary tone. But there the similarities end. *The Wild Child* concludes on a note of affirmation, whereas *Kes* finishes in despair. The one proclaims that man has the ability to surmount his limitations, the other that he is trapped in his environment.

Billy Casper, the film's fifteen-year-old hero, has grown up in a cheerless Yorkshire mining town filled with fractious, mean-spirited inhabitants. In most respects the place seems every bit as brutal as the forest of Aveyron. Billy, being small for his age and not notably self-assertive, is bullied by just about everyone he knows—his older brother who works in the pits, his classmates and teachers at school, the shopkeeper for whom he delivers papers. The one solace in his dismal existence is Kes, a young hawk that Billy has captured and trained—and that symbolizes the grace and expansiveness so notably lacking in the town of Barnsley. But the hawk is killed out of sheer malice, and at the film's end we are left with the certainty that no Dr. Itard will come along to perform an act of rescue.

By filming on location in Barnsley and casting local people in most of the roles, Loach achieves a ring of authenticity. It comes, however, at the price of some incomprehensibility, since the dialect spoken in these parts seems at times only vaguely related to the King's English. No matter. The film's searing intensity survives an occasional missed word.

It was appropriate to end the festival with the work of an old master, and Luis Buñuel's *Tristana* is very much that—a film full of wisdom and remembrances of things past. Its evocations are often of the director's previous work. Into this strange tale of a young Spanish girl who marries her middle-aged guardian (roles masterfully played by Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey), Buñuel weaves several of his favorite themes—the ambivalence of a pure woman at once repelled and aroused by male brutishness, the complacent self-satisfaction of the Catholic clergy, the narrow constraints of Spanish society. But the development of these themes, like the use of color in the movie, is muted and understated. In *Tristana*, Buñuel's anger has given way to nostalgia. It comes across as a regretful souvenir of an old Europe, fast disappearing amid the skyscrapers and supermarkets and efficiency experts. The camera lingers lovingly on the externals of this doomed way of life (the film was made in the streets, cafés, and houses of Toledo) as if to preserve the scene for all time. Though Buñuel's usual surrealistic brilliance is absent from *Tristana*, his poetic vision remains unblurred.

Cargol and Truffaut—"old-fashioned faith in the human potential."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Updating Kansas City

KANSAS CITY, MO.

GEOGRAPHICALLY ISOLATED from the network of cities whose relative closeness makes Broadway tours economically more feasible, Kansas City's exposure to professional road companies last season was limited to three very brief visits. Thus it is that the recent development and growth of the Missouri Repertory Theatre has brightened the lives of local theatergoers.

MRT began as the nonprofessional University of Missouri at Kansas City Summer Repertory Theatre with a two week season of two plays in 1964. But under the determined leadership of Patricia McIlrath, head of the UMKC Drama Department, the project has expanded, becoming fully professional in 1967 and currently offering an ambitious repertory of six plays rotating over a thirteen-week season.

One of the most popular productions is *The Tempest*, staged by William Woodman, one of this season's three guest directors. It reveals both the strengths and weaknesses of the MRT at this intermediate stage of its development.

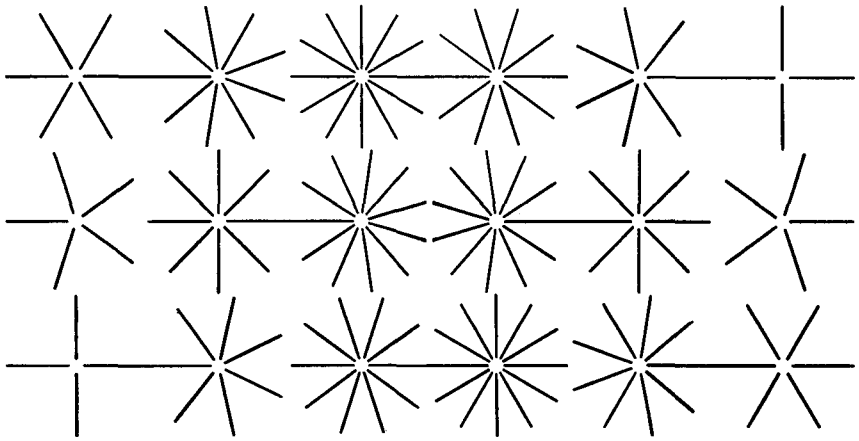
The opening shipwreck scene is virtually unintelligible because the actors, half hidden behind the facade of their boat, are unable to outshout the noise of the storm and the amplified music. Yet, when the noise subsides and we meet Prospero, we are immediately held by him and continue to be engaged throughout the play, for Prospero is played by a most vital actor, Alvah Stanley. As the exiled old man, his performance is more cerebral than poetic. Every step of the way he exerts all his mental energy to keep control of the situation. Magic as he practices it is not mere hand-waving but a touch-and-go proposition. It takes the greatest will power to keep his unhappily enslaved Ariel working for him with promises of imminent freedom. The wretched rebellious Caliban is a danger he must watch every second. Engineering his daughter's marriage to the handsome young Ferdinand is more complicated than just having them fall in love with each other. And finally there is the problem of regaining his dukedom and forgiving those who had forced him into exile. In civilized societies, it seems, governors must cooperate to some extent with their enemies.

Another striking performance is that of Robert Elliott as Caliban. He is the essence of stink and crudity, and he flaps and gasps like a fish out of water when Prospero tortures him with induced arthritis. If the rest of the cast seem less interesting than the two leading actors, it must be noted that most of them are effective. This is a tribute to Woodman's staging, which astutely blends the performances of the student members of the company with those of the professionals.

The formula here would seem to be a wise one. Working within a modest budget, with the university supplying the theater and 27 per cent of the deficit, the main effort to date has been securing better actors and importing notable guest directors. This has already paid dividends, particularly with a previous season's production of *Oedipus the King* staged by the celebrated Greek actor-director Alexis Minotis, and in this year's *Indians* directed by John O'Shaughnessy, which drew enthusiastic praise from Kansas City *Star* critic Giles M. Fowler. Significantly, Alvah Stanley played the leading role in both of the productions.

But in order to build and keep a nucleus of exciting actors, Miss McIlrath and MRT's Administrative Director James Costin believe they must extend the season to the point where the company can earn a decent living from its work in Kansas City alone. Since MRT must give up its theater to the Drama Department during the school year, a partial solution of the problem has been to set up the Missouri Vanguard Theatre, which takes a company of nine on a spring tour of some thirty smaller Missouri cities and towns. This company presents full-scale productions of two plays, special classroom demonstrations of the use of makeup, and readings from literature.

However, the real goal is to expand the season in Kansas City to thirty-six weeks. Certainly, sufficient audience potential to support such a season exists in Kansas City and the surrounding area, which has already furnished season subscribers from as far away as 300-mile distant Omaha. All that remains is for MRT to acquire a theater of its own. This must await the university's designation of a site, and a fund-raising campaign. Hopefully, these steps will be taken within the next six months. Until then MRT's gone about as far as it can go.



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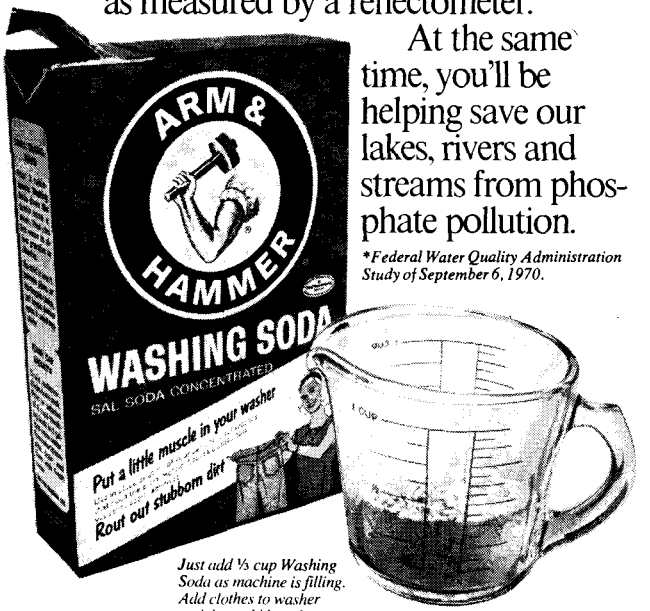

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

The Flimsy Staff of Life

Samples of tissue taken from bodies of persons killed by heart attacks tend to be deficient in the chemical element chromium. And when experimental animals are deprived of chromium in their diet, the inner walls of their blood vessels pock with fatty deposits like those that gradually clog the arteries and ultimately cause heart attacks in humans.

When the diet of experimental animals and chickens is deficient in manganese, neither the fowl nor the animals grow properly, and both become sexually sterile.

When rats and chickens don't eat enough selenium, their livers undergo deterioration.

Addition of zinc to the diet of wounded persons speeds the healing of their wounds. A sufficiently great lack of zinc in the diet has been known to produce dwarfs.

Yet 40 per cent of the chromium, 86 per cent of the manganese, 16 per cent of the selenium, and 78 per cent of the zinc in grains of wheat are removed during the processing of wheat into the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Iron is the principal carrier of life-bearing oxygen in all warm-blooded mammals, including humans. Cobalt is vital to the maturing of the red blood cells that carry the iron.

Yet 76 per cent of the iron and 89 per cent of the cobalt in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Calcium is necessary to the formation of bone. Without sodium to bathe in, the cells of the body will either dry up or swell to the bursting point. Potassium within the cells is essential to balance the sodium outside them. Magnesium activates exchanges of energy within cells. Phosphorus mediates all the energy exchanges throughout the body that enable us to move and to think.

Yet 60 per cent of the calcium, 78 per cent of the sodium, 77 per cent of the potassium, 85 per cent of the magnesium, and 71 per cent of the phosphorus in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Normal manufacture of DNA and RNA, the chemicals that pass the genetic code along from one generation to the next, depends in part on an adequate supply of Vitamin B1, Vitamin B12, and folic acid.

Yet 77 per cent of the Vitamin B1 and 67 per cent of the folic acid in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Vitamin A is important in the maintenance of good vision. Vitamin B2 is important in the maintenance of mucous membranes of the eyes, mouth, and tongue. Vitamin B3 is an important safeguard against pellagra. Vitamin B6 is an important element in the metabolism of the amino acids from which are built the proteins that make up most of our bodies. Vitamin D is an important mediary in utilization of calcium and phosphorus to strengthen our bones. Vitamin E is an important factor in the structural integrity of cell membranes.

Yet most of the Vitamin A, 80 per cent of the Vitamin B2, 81 per cent of the Vitamin B3, 72 per cent of the Vitamin B6, most of the Vitamin D, and 86 per cent of the Vitamin E are removed from wheat grains during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

53 **The Flimsy Staff of Life,** an editorial by John Lear

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The human body cannot make steroid hormones without pantothenic acid, cannot build sound cell walls without choline.

Yet half of the pantothenic acid and 30 per cent of the choline in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

This discomforting report on the internal environment of the American citizen comes from Dr. Henry Schroeder, director of the Trace Elements Laboratory at Dartmouth Medical School. He supplied some of the data in August at a public hearing conducted in Washington, D.C., by the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Energy, Natural Resources and the Environment under the chairmanship of Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan. Supporting details were filled in during a later long-distance telephone conversation between Dr. Schroeder and *SR*'s science editor. The Dartmouth specialist in trace elements explained that one of his principal sources of information was the *Mill Feeds Manual,* published by the Millers National Federation through the Wheat Flour Institute in Chicago. This manual lists the contents of the wheat residue that goes into animal feeds after the white flour has been milled for human consumption. It turns out that pigs get this much more of the vital nutrients in

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Must We Wait Two More Years?

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has responded to recent charges of laxity in administration of the food law (see, for example, "Danger of Cancer in Food," *SR*, Sept. 5) by asking the National Academy of Sciences, National Research Council to make a two-year study to determine what foods ought to be fortified and what the minimum and maximum fortification levels should be. FDA's announcement said the study would cover formulated entrees, factory-prepared complete dinners, meat analogs, new foods, and staples eaten by people particularly susceptible to malnutrition. Although bread is a staple eaten by almost everyone, it was not specifically mentioned. NAS has accepted the FDA assignment and has named a six-man study panel headed by Dr. Richard H. Barnes, dean of the Cornell University Graduate School of Nutrition.

the whole wheat grain than people get in white flour:

21 times the Vitamin B1
14 times the Vitamin B2
16 times the Vitamin B3
14 times the Vitamin B6
4 times the pantothenic acid
11 times the folic acid
17 times the Vitamin E
2 times the choline
7 times the calcium
9 times the phosphorus
12 times the magnesium
12 times the potassium
3 times the sodium
2 times the chromium
14 times the manganese
6 times the iron
42 times the cobalt
7 times the copper
12 times the zinc
3 times the molybdenum

The chemical element cadmium has been reserved here for special consideration. Cadmium competes with and displaces zinc in human metabolic processes. Excess cadmium provokes high blood pressure. In whole wheat flour the ratio between cadmium and zinc is 1 to 120. In white bread flour, the ratio is 1 to 20—six times as great a threat.

Dr. Schroeder sums up the facts on white bread by saying that it may contain an adequate number of calories for a healthy diet and still lack the chemicals that would put those calories to work properly in the body.

A decade ago, *SR* published an exposé of prescription drug abuses that demonstrated an urgent need for reform of the federal drug law. The late Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee used the power of subpoena to extend *SR*'s documentation of the abuses charged. As a result, the law was revised to require that drugs, to be licensed for market in this country, had to be proved effective as well as safe. With public attention now so sharply focused on environmental problems, the present would seem a propitious time for Congress to broaden the efficacy provisions of the law to cover food as well as drugs. Medicines play a relatively minor and intermittent role in shaping the internal aspect of the lives of most of us. But food is a daily necessity for us all. On it depends the quality of our survival, the degree of our happiness.

The shortcomings of bleached flour have been warned against repeatedly by students of human nutrition since the days when the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley began crusading for adoption of a federal food and drug law early in this century. One of the latest cautions appears in the Nader's Raiders book *The Chemical Feast*, James S. Turner's study of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA). The book says:

> President Nixon's French-born nutrition advisor, Dr. Jean Mayer, thinks that America's white bleached dough products would not even be called bread in his native land. Their food value is almost zero. White flour is preferred by food industry executives because it keeps on the shelf longer than the more nutritious whole wheat bread and because insects avoid it—it doesn't have enough food value to keep them alive.

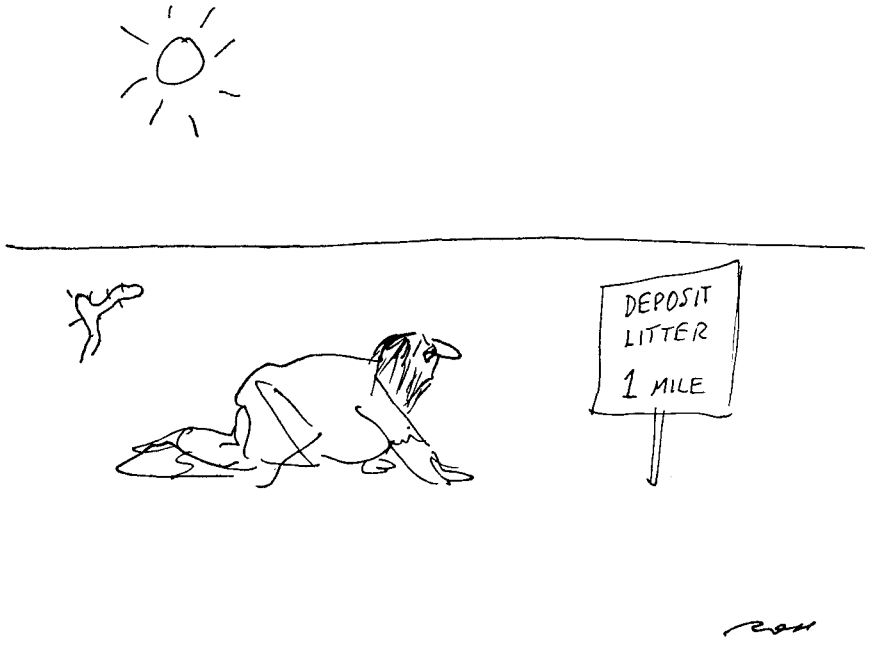
Bakers and other defenders of flour bleaching speak of the "enrichment" process that follows the bleaching. But *The Chemical Feast* says, and Dr. Schroeder confirms, that of the approximately two dozen nutrients removed from wheat in the processing of white flour, only four are later restored. These are vitamins B1, B2, B3, and iron. The value of the iron is questionable because it is in ferric form, which the body does not absorb well; it is ferrous iron that readily fits the chemistry of the human animal.

So much for the nutrients that are removed from the wheat in the milling of white flour. That is only part of the tragedy of white bread. What further is there to say? *The Chemical Feast* puts it in these words:

> Currently, the FDA food standards for bakery products permit ninety-three different ingredients—few of them nutrients—to be added to bread products at the discretion of the processors.

None of these added chemicals (it should be emphasized that few of them have any nutritional value) must be mentioned on the label that wary consumers rely on for protection.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



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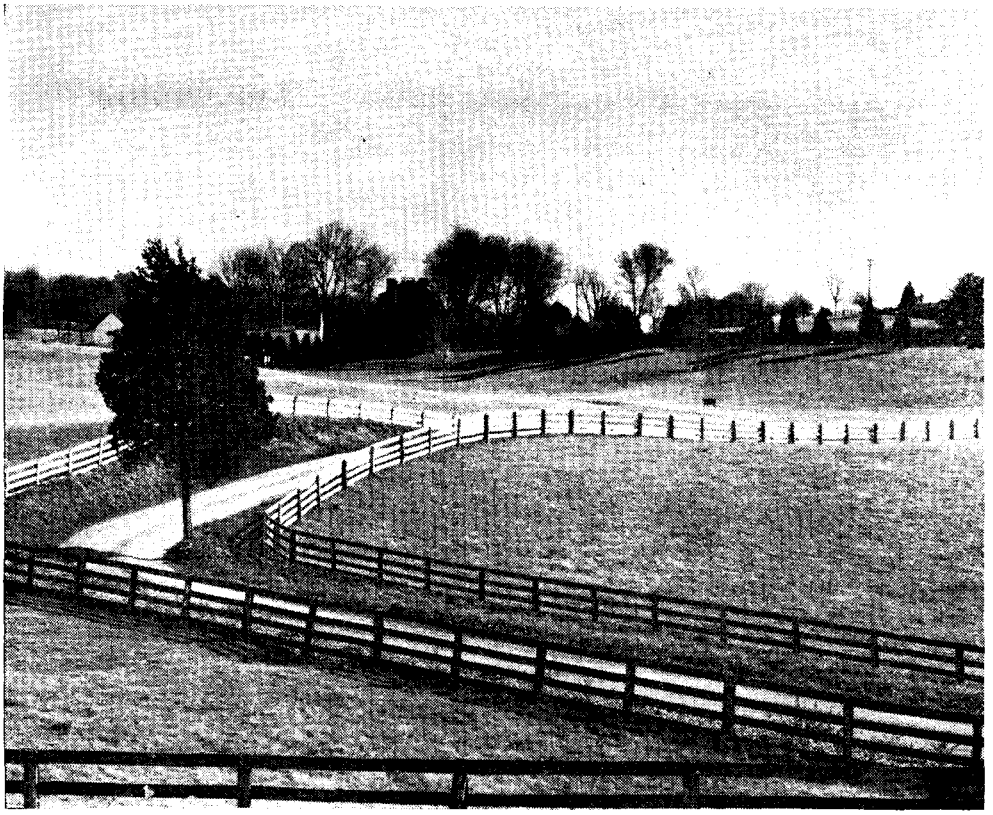
ENVIRONMENT IN THE COURTROOM

Natural beauty—Is it a legal right we hold in common?



—Burt Weston (Rapho Guillumette)

by JOSEPH L. SAX

If your neighbor keeps pigs in his back yard, dumps garbage on your lawn, or gives noisy parties, you can sue him and get relief from the courts. Between neighboring landowners such nuisances are the subject of clear legal rights, and the law has always been solicitous about damages suffered by an individual as a property owner. However, for such widespread public nuisances as air and water pollution, the dissemination of pesticides, or the destruction of valuable natural areas, all of which degrade the total environment and harm every member of the community, no individual may sue.

The reason (if it can be called that) for this extraordinary distinction is the legal rule that no individual may sue to abate a public nuisance unless he has suffered harm different from that suffered by other members of the public. If everyone has suffered equally—however gravely—none of the victims has a right to go to court. Only public officials have legal standing in such a case. This rule has been faithfully followed by the courts ever since it was set down by an English judge in 1536.

JOSEPH L. SAX is professor of law at the University of Michigan. Late this year or early next, Alfred A. Knopf will publish his new book, *Defending the Environment*. A special advance edition will be distributed by several conservation and legal organizations in October. The volume will carry a preface by United States Senator George McGovern of South Dakota.

There is an exception to the rule, but it is far less significant than current newspaper reports about environmental lawsuits imply. Citizens recently have been allowed to litigate a few major environmental problems, such as the trans-Alaska oil pipeline, the continued dissemination of DDT, and the proposed Hudson River expressway in New York. But these cases do not signal any general recognition of public rights to a decent environment; they are simply disputes in which some specific statutory provision is alleged to have been violated.

Moreover, the statutes brought into question in these cases often bear only peripherally on the issue that truly divides the adversaries; they represent a reaching out by lawyers for some legal claim to which conventional courts will respond. Thus, in the Hudson River expressway case, the project was said to be illegal because Congress had not given its consent (required under an 1899 law) to the building of a "dike"; and the Alaskan oil suit challenged the government's grant of a wider highway right-of-way than the applicable statutes permitted. While such cases may provide desirable results, they hardly begin to meet the needs of a rational system of environmental law, for the availability of judicial relief depends upon whether some obscure statute can be found that the defendants have violated.

For the great bulk of environmental problems there is no recognized public right to redress, and even the most meritorious cases continue to founder on the rock of the sixteenth-century public nuisance law. To be sure, if it were possible to have confidence that public officials would assiduously defend against environmental misconduct, legal anomalies such as the public nuisance rule could be dismissed as harmless antiques. Lamentably, this is not the case. With a few notable exceptions, public officials have not demonstrated active enthusiasm for the job of environmental protection.

The problem was nowhere better illustrated than in the ill-fated decision to lease public lands off the coast of Santa Barbara, California, for commercial oil production. Objections by local citizens were uniformly put off with the bland assurance that every step had been taken to protect the public. Agencies such as the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration [now the Federal Water Quality Administration] sat quietly by. And, as one Santa Barbara resident later recalled, "Interior Department and oil industry officials led us to believe we had nothing to fear. They said they had perfected shutoff devices that were foolproof even in such disasters as a ship running into the oil drilling platform, or an earthquake."

It was only after oil had blackened the beaches that the true story came out. The White House Budget Bureau, a Congressional investigating committee learned, was "hungry for revenue" and a Presidential decision had been made about getting more money to help balance the national budget. The Department of the Interior had been ordered "to have a maximum leasing program." The decision to lease, former

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Interior Secretary Stewart Udall later admitted, "was a sort of conservation Bay of Pigs."

Similar dramas are played out regularly throughout the country. On the Potomac River, almost in the shadow of the Capitol, the federal government withdrew its opposition to a commercial landfill project, despite vigorous citizen opposition, in what the official who made the ruling conceded was "a decision based first on political considerations and second on the feeling that the values were not great." The director of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, when asked his view about such decision-making, responded to Congressman Henry Reuss, "I think there are undoubtedly situations that arise which require the Secretary to trade one kind of achievement, shall we say, for another."

Undoubtedly so. And the problem is by no means limited to the Department of the Interior. Not long ago, the President appointed a high-level committee to study the supersonic air transport. The study group produced a quite negative report, emphasizing cost and demand uncertainties, a balance of payments problem, environmental dangers, and only minor technological advantages. When James Beggs, the Under Secretary of Transportation who chaired the committee, prepared his "summation" for the President, he accentuated the positive and eliminated the negative.

An alert Congressman noted the discrepancies and asked the Under Secretary for an explanation. According to a *Wall Street Journal* report, Beggs replied that the President had given the committee a very tight deadline and that a rapid review had to be made by people many of whom "had never addressed themselves to this issue." Their report, he said, was therefore "not in any sense representative of an expert view in these cases." In addition, he argued, the committee's views were out of date almost before they were completed. All of which, as *Journal* reporter Allen Otten noted, "suggests several questions":

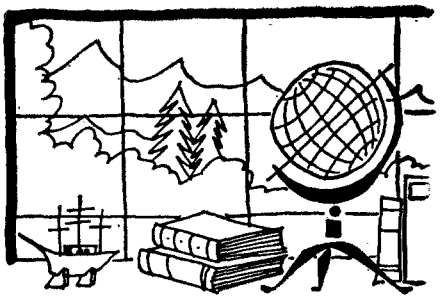
> Did the President, before giving his go-ahead [on the SST] read the entire record . . . or only the Beggs summation? How must the important men on this highly touted task force feel when they see their work counted as merely one of many "inputs" and the "least definitive" one at that? Most fascinating of all, how often does this minimal-impact fate befall other big build-up task forces—ones whose deliberations are not so engrossingly spread across the public record?

It is instances such as these that have persuaded private citizens that they must obtain the right to take environmental disputes to court themselves, rather than leaving such matters solely to the discretion of public officials. The No. 1 legal priority of those concerned with environmental protection now is that the old restraints of the public nuisance doctrine, and other archaic rules, be rooted out of the law and be replaced with recognition of every citizen's opportunity to enforce at law the right to a decent environment.

Thus far, however, the public nuisance rule has continued its sway over the legal mind. In February of this year a Michigan court could still say that "no case has been cited where a court has, even for a clearly publicly motivated group, made an exception to the . . . requirement which for so long has been a feature of the law of public nuisance." Furthermore, the court refused to address itself to the "sweeping claim" that ordinary citizens should be allowed to attack the problem of water pollution.

Last May the prestigious American Law Institute was asked to reaffirm the old doctrine. The 1536 precedent was solemnly cited as a rule that has "persisted uniformly" throughout the country. Fortunately, some members of the institute thought that an almost 500-year-old rule might deserve reconsideration, and the proposal was laid upon the table pending further study.

While the wheels of public nuisance law grind along, the twentieth century has intruded here and there into the American legal system, providing some hope that the heavy hand of tradition is about to be lifted. For example, in 1968, the Western Michigan Environmental Action Council, a small but vigorous conservation organization, asked me to draft a model environmental law that could be presented to the legislature. Believing that environmental organizations should give top priority to the bringing of ordinary citizens into the decision-making process, I drafted a bill that empowered any person or organization to sue any private or public body and to obtain a court order restraining conduct that "is likely to pollute, impair, or destroy the air, water, or other natural resources or the public trust therein." Under this bill, once the plaintiff has introduced evidence of such a violation, the defendant—if he is to prevail—must demonstrate affirmatively that there is no feasible and prudent alternative to his conduct and that it is consistent with the promotion of the public health, safety, and welfare.



Because the bill was unprecedented and far reaching, neither the Western Michigan Environmental Action Council nor I thought there was any substantial chance of enactment. Nonetheless, the chairman of the Committee on Conservation and Recreation of the Michigan House of Representatives, Thomas J. Anderson, agreed to introduce the bill in April 1969.

For months there was no action. Then, in January 1970, the committee scheduled a routine hearing on the bill. What followed was a great surprise for the legislature. Hundreds of people came, from all over the state; so many, indeed, that the hearing had to be transferred from the committee's regular meeting room to the chamber of the House of Representatives.

It is, to be sure, a long way from a dramatic hearing to enactment of a law; but that extraordinary January evening brought together a hard-working and determined coalition of housewives, students, lawyers, conservation organizations, and—significantly—organized labor, in particular the United Auto Workers. The bill got strong support from the press, and, not long thereafter, Governor William Milliken gave it his blessing. The proposed law became the top priority item of environmental legislation in the state; lapel buttons began to appear saying: SUPPORT HOUSE BILL 3055.

Field hearings were held around the state. Every one of them attracted a large and enthusiastic turnout. Whenever Representative Anderson, the bill's sponsor, appeared to give a speech, he received a standing ovation. Industry grumbled and worked quietly against the bill; but it was not a year for the air pollution manufacturers to bring out their heavy artillery against an environmental protection act. On July 27, the Governor signed the measure, which carried an effective date of October [EARTH WATCH, Aug. 1].

While the law has not yet been tested in the courts, it offers the promise of a dramatic legal breakthrough in the effort to protect environmental quality. For it recognizes that every citizen, simply by virtue of his status as a member of the public, has an enforceable right to a decent environment. For the first time in American statutory law, the right to environmental quality is clearly set against the tradi-

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tional property right to exploit natural resources.

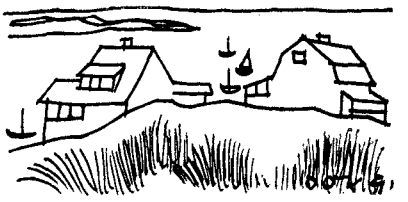
Michigan's legislative approach is unique, but the model it has created will soon be tested elsewhere. Similar bills, based on the Michigan law, have been introduced in at least five other states: Colorado, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. Also, there is now pending in the Congress of the United States an almost identical bill, one which I helped to write. It was introduced last March by Senators George McGovern and Philip Hart, and by Representative Morris Udall in the House.

Legislative progress is clearly under way. Meanwhile, a parallel development is beginning to emerge in the courts as part of the common law. Paradoxically, the willingness of some courts to recognize that members of the public have environmental rights is founded in a legal doctrine of even greater antiquity than the law of public nuisance. Long ago there developed in the Roman Empire a legal theory known as the public trust. It was based upon the very sensible idea that certain common properties—such as rivers, the seashore, and the air—were held by government in trusteeship for the free and unimpeded use of the general public. Our contemporary concerns about the environment bear a close conceptual relationship to this ancient legal doctrine.

Under the Roman law, perpetual use of common properties was dedicated to the public. As one scholar noted, "In general the shore was not owned by individuals. One text suggests that it was the property of the Roman people. More often it is regarded as owned by no one, the public having undefined rights of use and enjoyment." Similarly, in England the law developed that "the ownership of the shore has been settled in favor of the King: but . . . has been immemorially liable to certain general rights of egress and regress, for fishing, trading, and other uses claimed . . . by his subjects."

American law adopted the general idea of trusteeship, but rarely applied it to any but a few sorts of public properties such as shorelands and parks. The doctrine never received a careful explication, though occasionally a comment can be found in cases to the effect that it is "inconceivable" that any person would claim a private property interest in the navigable waters of the United States, assertable against the free and general use of the public at large.

The scattered evidence, taken together, suggests that the idea of a public trusteeship rests upon three related principles. First, that certain interests —such as the air and the sea—have



such importance to the citizenry as a whole that it would be unwise to make them the subject of private ownership. Second, that these interests partake so much of the bounty of nature, rather than of individual enterprise, that they should be made freely available to the entire citizenry without regard to economic status. And, finally, that it is a principal purpose of government to promote the interests of the general public rather than to redistribute public goods from broad public uses to restricted private benefit.

The most famous of American public trust cases arose in 1869, when the Illinois legislature deeded over to the Illinois Central Railroad title to more than a thousand acres of the most valuable land in the United States—the entire shore of Lake Michigan for a mile out from the coast and for a mile in length along the entirety of what is now Chicago's central business district. When the transaction was challenged in court as a violation of the right of the people, the railroad claimed that a duly consummated grant of property could not be undone.

This was too much for the Supreme Court of the United States. A state simply cannot give away its lake front to a private enterprise, the court held. The state had title to the lands, the court conceded, but

> it is a title different in character from that which the state holds in lands intended for sale. . . . It is a title held in trust for the people of the state that they may enjoy the navigation of the waters, carry on commerce over them, and have liberty of fishing therein freed from the obstruction or interference of private parties.

Although for many years the Illinois Central decision was viewed as a legal curiosity, the burgeoning interest in environmental protection has again brought it to the forefront of attention, for its principle is precisely applicable to the problems of air and water quality, pesticide regulation, shoreline and open land problems, and park land management that dominate our contemporary environmental scene.

A few states, such as Massachusetts, have come to see the potential of the public trust approach for coping with such seemingly inexorable problems as the insatiable appetite of highway builders for precious public open-space lands. There, in a number of notable cases, private citizens have organized and gone to court to stop the bulldozers, and they have met with considerable success. The highway department routinely answered such challenges by pointing to its general power to take any lands within the state for its purposes, but that conventional response no longer succeeds. In answer to a claim by highway officials that they were merely following statutory authority that enabled them to "improve lands of the Commonwealth," the court replied. "It seems rather that the improvement of public lands which the legislature provided for . . . is to preserve such lands so that they may be enjoyed by the people."

It is through such decisions that the old principle of the public trust is being brought to bear upon the environmental problems of the 1970s.

To arm the ordinary citizen with legal power will not itself restore our air, water, and land resources, nor will it supplant the need for strong action on other fronts. Administrative regulation will go on, legislative standards will be set, task forces and advisory panels will continue to engage in both long-range planning and some degree of specific dispute management. Courts serve only to supplement and invigorate these activities by making clear that there is another avenue of redress for the citizen.

In this regard, it is essential to understand that litigation is not antithetical to planning. Indeed, a principal function of the lawsuit is to promote intelligent planning. Judicial intervention forces officials to take into account the larger implications of major planning activities by challenging them at the operative level. For example, no one would expect a court to enjoin the federal highway program in general and order that the funds be reallocated to a more effective program of mass transit. But by restraining particular elements of that program, where inadequate provision has been made for accommodating public dissatisfactions, or for taking into account potential losses to important public resources such as parks and open space because of congestion, noise, and air pollution, the courts thrust back on the highway builders some of the difficulties that the true cost of their proposal implies. To the extent that this sort of judicial activity requires officials to consider alternatives, such as mass transportation schemes that may then seem relatively less costly, the courts help to promote precisely the sort of broad planning we all approve but find so difficult to implement.

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DECEPTIVE BIRTH RATES

They can be discussed intelligently only in their relationship to death rates.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH
and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Informed demographers and ecologists have recently been surprised to see the end of the population explosion celebrated in a spate of newspaper editorials and columns. Headlines such as FALSE PROPHETS OF DOOM, ridiculing those scientists concerned about population problems, have greeted readers across the nation. The stimulus for this outpouring has been preliminary reports of the 1970 census, projecting an increase in the American population of "as little as" 75 million people by the year 2000. We do not quarrel with these figures themselves; the census has only reinforced conclusions accepted in the demographic literature for several years. But it is difficult for us to understand how a population increase of some 35 per cent in an already overpopulated country can be regarded as the conclusion of the population explosion, especially when the demographic situation contains the potential for substantial additional growth in the next century. The optimists should note that even if the reproductive rate drops to the replacement level by 1980, the population of the United States will level off at more than 300 million in 2045. If we should not reach the replacement level until the year 2000, population growth will stop in 2065, with a final population size of more than 350 million people.

The replacement level would correspond to each female infant born today ultimately producing, on average, one female offspring (that is, replacing herself). Reaching this situation, defined by demographers as NRR (Net Reproductive Rate)=1.0, would not lead to zero population growth (ZPG) at once, because of persons still living who were born when the NRR exceeded 1.0. It will take sixty-five to seventy years (roughly the life expectancy) following the achievement of replacement reproduction to reach ZPG in the United States. The ballyhoo about the end of the population explosion notwithstanding, we have not yet even reached NRR =1.0 (the 1967 figure was 1.213). Moreover, if the NRR reaches unity, there is no guarantee that it will remain there.

Much attention in the press has been focused on the birth rate, at best, a crude index of fertility and an incomplete indicator of the demographic situation. The difference between the birth rate (number of people being born per thousand people in the population per year) and the death rate (number per thousand dying) gives the natural rate of increase for that year. Adding migration to the calculation gives the overall growth rate. Some demographers, who should know better, compound the public's confusion both by continuing to focus attention on the birth rate alone and by erroneously stating that it is now at an all-time low. The fact is the *Monthly Vital Statistics Reports* of the U.S. Public Health Service show a bottoming of the birth rate in late 1968 or early 1969, and a subsequent and continuing increase. This came as no surprise to those familiar with the age structure of the population (the relative numbers of people in different age groups). Specifically, the low birth rates of the middle 1960s were due in part to the small number of women in the reproductive years. They were the scarce wartime babies. Now the abundant World War II boom babies have grown into women who are moving into their peak reproductive years. This age-structure effect is causing a predictable rise in the birth rate. In view of the disconcerting lack of public awareness regarding these matters, one can draw three conclusions: It is irresponsible for any demographer to mislead the public about the present birth rates; it is unprofessional to discuss birth rates outside the context of the age structure; it is inexcusable to omit from the discussion the all-important relationship between birth rate and death rate in determining the growth rate.

At the "all-time" low birth rate, the U.S. population was growing at about 1 per cent per year, with 80 per cent of the growth contributed by the difference between birth and death rates, and 20 per cent by immigration. This "slow" growth rate, if continued, would double the population in about seventy years. A little elementary arithmetic shows that such a rate is unsustainable for any considerable period, even if ecological and social factors are ignored. But, of course, these factors cannot be ignored. Most of our environmental problems and many of our social problems have been and will continue to be exacerbated by population growth. That a 50 per cent increase in population will stimulate a disproportionate deterioration in many of these problem areas adds to the urgency of moving rapidly to zero population growth and, ultimately, to a declining population size.

The "responsible, orderly approach" to NRR=1 advocated by many conservative demographers and sociologists in fact consists of a go-slow program that condemns us to perhaps another century of population growth, as should be apparent from the above discussion relating NRR and ZPG. This attitude is defended by references to relatively easily managed social problems arising from seeking a stable population, and by a naïve underestimation of problems in resources and environment. If these individuals are successful in preventing our society and others from taking enlightened voluntary steps toward population control, the most likely outcome is that population will be "controlled" automatically by a massive rise in the death rate brought about by war, plague, famine, ecosystem collapse, or some combination of these. Alternatively, by delaying intelligent steps now, the go-slow contingent increases the chances that governments awakening too late will institute repressive, racist, or otherwise socially repugnant measures.

To prevent such outcomes, we should press by all acceptable means to reduce the NRR *below* 1.0 as soon as possible, in the hope of achieving ZPG by the end of the century. Those journalists who describe us in this advocacy as "prophets of doom" would do well to learn enough elementary ecology and demography to be able to discriminate prophets of doom from those working to avoid it.

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A WHOOPING PROMISE

Comeback of a Crane

by JAMES PHILLIPS

—Photos courtesy Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife—Luther C. Goldman

The whooping crane, the rare white marsh bird that symbolizes man's battle to save vanishing species of wildlife, appears headed for recovery. In a time of gloomy ecological forecasts, the whooper's comeback from a population low of fifteen birds in 1941 is one of the few reassuring notes heard today. The bird once was widely expected to follow the passenger pigeon and heath hen into oblivion.

Fifty-six wild whoopers—the largest number recorded since annual surveys were started in 1938—were counted during the winter census last year along the bird's wintering grounds at Aransas Wildlife Refuge on the Texas Gulf Coast. Twenty-one other cranes are in captivity, and biologists have started experiments to establish a second flock of migrant whoopers. As for their survival, Dr. Ray C. Erickson, assistant director of the Patuxent Wildlife Research Station, says: "It looks continually more promising."

Dr. Erickson manages a captive flock of fifteen young whoopers at the center's grounds near Laurel, Maryland. He hopes to raise the birds to maturity and establish a breeding flock to provide eggs for release into the wild. The eggs will be placed in the nests of wild sandhill cranes. If matters proceed according to Erickson's plans, the sandhills will hatch the eggs, raise the young whoopers, and guide them south during the autumn migration.

Since migration routes are believed to be passed down from one generation to the next, the use of foster parents will enable biologists to establish a second whooper flock distinct from the lone remaining wild band that summers in Wood Buffalo National Park in northern Canada and winters at Aransas. Ideally, Erickson says, the second flock would be established somewhere north of Lake Winnipeg and would winter in the southeastern United States. This range is now used only by sandhills, but whoopers formerly inhabited it. Existence of a second migratory flock of whoopers would "divide the risk" that a disaster might exterminate the species.

Before any eggs can be released into the wild, however, biologists must resolve problems and conduct more experiments. Erickson considers it unlikely that whooper eggs can be released during the next six to ten years. Part of the reason for the delay is that the captive flock at Patuxent is immature; nearly all the birds there are one or two years old. No one knows at what age a whooper matures. "Our oldest male is six years old. Our oldest female is three," Erickson points out. "This could be the first year they could possibly breed."

Before releasing any eggs into the wild, Erickson would like to have somewhere between ten and twenty breeding pairs. He explains: "Unless we can release them in quantity—between twenty and forty eggs a year—the numbers would be inadequate to have much assurance of success."

While waiting for the whoopers to come of age, Erickson and his staff work with sandhill cranes, trying to learn how to predict the mating and nesting behavior of the whoopers.

The first sandhills were trapped in the wild soon after the Aransas center opened in 1961 as a branch of the Department of Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. It wasn't until 1969, however, that biologists were able to induce the sandhills to lay fertile eggs. This feat was accomplished by mounting artificial lights over the pens and keeping the lights turned on for periods ranging up to twenty hours a day. The artificial illumination extended the "daylight" to a length closer to that of the northern latitudes where the birds commonly nest; apparently the additional light triggered the sexual changes necessary to fertility.

The first sandhills to be taken from the wild as adults did not adapt well to life in captivity. Biologists then took eggs from the nests of wild sandhills and hatched them in incubators.

All but two of the fifteen whoopers at Aransas have been hatched from eggs taken from the nests of wild birds, an act which, when first proposed, raised the ire of conservationists. The critics had noted that parent cranes generally brought only one young bird south in the fall — if indeed they brought any. And taking one of the two eggs normally laid by wild whoopers, it was feared, would mean that no young would be produced. However, Erickson's belief that no harm would come to the wild flock was borne out.

"The population has increased at a more rapid rate since we started picking up eggs than at any other time," Erickson noted. "We collected a total of twenty-six eggs. We hatched twenty-one. Of those, thirteen survive."

Although the outlook for one of the world's rarest species of birds is generally optimistic, authorities continue to watch closely the remnants of the once large flock of wild whoopers. When a single bird was spotted in South Dakota in the autumn of 1969, authorities quickly closed the hunting season on sandhill cranes in that state for fear a careless hunter might mistakenly shoot a whooper.

JAMES PHILLIPS is on the Washington, D.C., staff of the Associated Press.

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Government Invites Student Aid

EVANSTON, ILL.

AT THE REQUEST of the city government, students from Northwestern University have been investigating the local air pollution problem in order to propose a new control ordinance for this Chicago suburb. The present city ordinance is essentially an incinerator code considered inadequate for coping with today's conditions.

Some members of Northwestern Students for a Better Environment, a group of graduate and undergraduate students drawn largely from the sciences and engineering, spent the summer conducting a citizen poll with questions on air pollution, studying air pollution ordinances of other cities the size of Evanston—about 82,000—and running a center to receive complaints against alleged polluters.

The NSBE volunteers plan to analyze their data during Christmas vacation and, with the advice of a law student and his professors, prepare a draft of a new ordinance for submission to city air pollution authorities by the beginning of the new year.

The student group first gained prominence when it analyzed the phosphate content of leading laundry detergents and persuaded a local grocery chain to post the results in all the chain's stores throughout the Midwestern states.

Environmental Research

OAK RIDGE, TENN.

IN 1969, the National Science Foundation announced a new research program called Interdisciplinary Research Relevant to Problems of Our Society, designed to obtain the basic knowledge required for improving the quality of the environment. The first major grants under that program have now been made.

Oak Ridge National Laboratory, owned by the Atomic Energy Commission and managed under contract by the Union Carbide Corporation, has received the largest individual grant of $1.5-million for eight projects. Among the eight are research into potential human genetic mutations due to synthetic chemicals such as food additives, drugs, cosmetics, and herbicides; case studies involving beneficial use of heat generated in the production of electric power; and development of a computerized environmental information system to assist ecological specialists in predicting the impact of technological innovations.

In addition to the Oak Ridge grant, NSF has awarded more than $4-million to sixteen universities and the Rand Corporation. This sum will finance studies of lead pollution, land use, air and water pollution, environmental decision-making in the Lake Tahoe Basin, a systems approach to environmental contamination, the regional effects of a proposed recreational development in Montana, and methods for meeting the country's power needs without causing further deterioration of the environment.

Deep Sea Water Used as Fertilizer

ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS.

DEEP, COLD OCEAN WATER is one of the world's most abundant and neglected natural resources. To demonstrate how its properties can be used, oceanographers from Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory have devised an ambitious long-range project whose first stage, being conducted here, is a pilot-scale experiment in marine biology that uses deep sea water as a raw material in the cultivation of salt-water organisms.

Water from the ocean depths is known to be vastly richer than surface water in such nutrients as phosphate and nitrate. And scientists have long observed that in those few places where nutrient-laden deep water wells up to the surface naturally and is acted on by sunlight, the sea blooms with phytoplankton, the microscopic plant life that is the first link in the ocean's food chain. The experiment here is based on that phenomenon.

The Lamont oceanographers chose a site on the island's north coast where the steeply sloping shoreline makes deep cold water readily accessible and the Caribbean sunshine is constant. Using a mile-long narrow plastic pipe, they are pumping sea water of about 41° Fahrenheit from a depth of half a mile up into two shallow onshore pools with a capacity of 16,000 gallons each. Within five or six days the pools blossom forth with phytoplankton, which is then used to nourish young filter-feeding shellfish such as oysters set in the pools. If the shellfish can be bred successfully in the artificial pools, the experimenters plan to move up the food chain to shrimp and anchovies and eventually to larger fish. The purpose is to demonstrate that food fish can be cultivated in bulk under controlled conditions, using available supplies of deep cold water.

Other aspects of the same project will involve engineering applications of the thermal properties of the deep water for air conditioning, removal of fresh water from the atmosphere by direct condensation, generation of electric power through heat transfer, and cooling of nuclear reactors. The ultimate aim of the far-ranging experiment, which is part of the Sea Grant program of the National Science Foundation, is to show that several deep water uses can be combined in a single multipurpose installation.

Making the Street Scene

WASHINGTON.

A PROGRAM to create vest-pocket parks in inner-city areas conspicuously lacking in recreational facilities and greenery is under way at five sites in the District of Columbia. Sponsored by the Interior Department with matching funds from the District, the program will permanently close some streets to traffic, tear them up, plant trees, grass, and shrubs, and install improved lighting. Some sites will be made into play areas for children, others may become sitting spaces for the elderly.

Community participation is being sought in the planning, execution, and maintenance of the new parks. In one innovation, local children, provided with tools and building materials, will be encouraged to build their own play structures with a minimum of adult supervision.

The program is part of Interior Secretary Walter Hickel's "Parks to People" program, designed to bring outdoor recreation within walking distance of urban residents trapped in low-income areas far away from the national parks. The federal government may spend as much as $25-million to further the plan, mainly in cities with populations of 250,000 and up.

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Recommended: Longer Vacations

OSLO.

THE STANDARD VACATION in Norway is fixed by law at four weeks. That's not enough, says a recent Norwegian medical survey, especially not for those on the far side of thirty-nine.

The study, conducted by a committee of the Norwegian Medical Association, recommends five weeks vacation at the age of forty, six weeks on reaching fifty, and seven weeks after achieving sixty.

The five-day work week also came under attack for failing to provide urban dwellers seeking respite in the country with a weekend long enough to be truly relaxing. The study quoted an expert on leisure as saying, "Medically viewed, the five-day week is meaningless, even absurd. It is injurious to health."

All workers in Norway have a 42½-hour work week. The hours are spread over five days for industrial workers, and over five and a half days every other week for others.

Deep-freeze Salvage

DUISBURG, WEST GERMANY.

DIFFERENT METALS behave differently under extreme sub-zero temperatures. That fact is the basis of a new deep-freeze technique perfected by a West German-Belgian consortium for salvaging useful scrap metal from wrecked and abandoned automobiles.

In the scrapping process, cars are stripped and pressed into packages measuring two cubic feet. The packages are fed into a freezing tunnel 90 to 120 feet long and cooled by liquid nitrogen to a temperature of minus 310° Fahrenheit. At that temperature, iron becomes as brittle as glass and will fracture under impact, while nonferrous or light metals such as copper, zinc, and tin remain ductile. After deep-freezing, the packages enter a crusher where automatic hammers fragment them into short, flat pieces. The pieces next move along a conveyer belt where the iron scrap is separated magnetically from the nonferrous metals.

The process is said to yield scrap iron of sufficiently low copper content to be acceptable for use in making high-quality steel. Scrap iron presently salvaged from derelict cars by conventional shredders contains too much copper to be recycled for use in the manufacture of new cars.

The deep-freeze method of salvage, nicknamed "Inch" for International Center for High Quality Scrap, will be employed in two new plants, one to be built at an undisclosed location in West Germany, the other in Liege, Belgium.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

Japanese to Test Pollution-free Car

TOKYO.

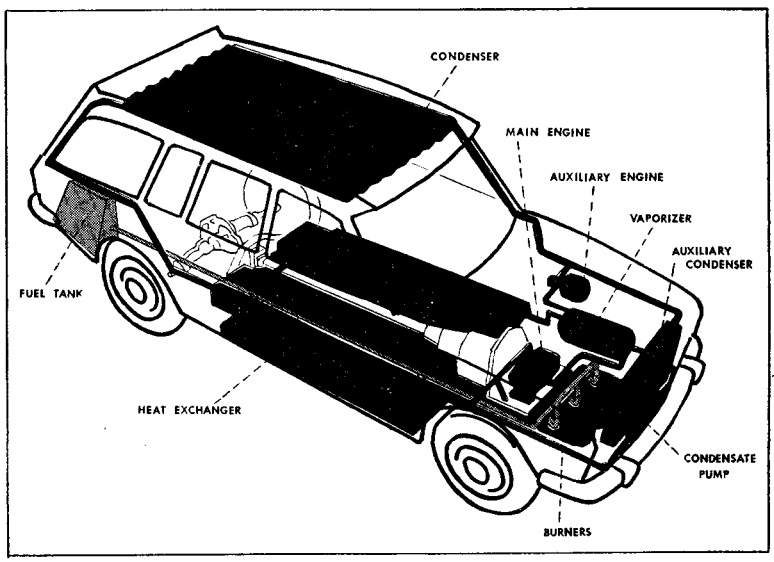
A NONPOLLUTING, Freon-powered engine invented by an American will be mass produced here for use in the Datsun automobile. The Nissan Motor Company, maker of the Datsun, recently signed a multimillion-dollar contract with Wallace L. Minto, the engine's inventor, giving Nissan exclusive rights to manufacture the engine for automotive vehicles in Asia. Minto will deliver a demonstrator model within six months of the contract date and a production prototype within eighteen. He anticipates that at least a hundred Datsuns will be made with his engine by 1972, and that production will increase sharply soon after. Nissan, which is Japan's second largest automobile manufacturer (Toyota is first), expects to produce two million conventional cars, trucks, and buses this year and to sell 100,000 Datsuns in the United States.

The fifty-six-pound Minto engine is similar in principle to a conventional steam engine. Instead of water, the chemical Freon (a fluorocarbon widely used as a cooling agent in refrigeration) is circulated through a closed system independently of the fuel line that fires the burner.

Minto says that tests show his engine has an almost pollution-free exhaust. It emits less than one part per million of deadly carbon monoxide (compared to about 25,000 parts per million for today's internal-combustion gasoline engines), no unburned hydrocarbons, and less than one part per million of nitrogen oxides.

The Minto engine, which took three years to develop, was offered to the Ford Motor Company in 1967, but Minto says Ford wasn't interested. Minto's invention was to have been used in 1969 in a demonstration project sponsored by the U.S. Department of Transportation to power two buses supplied by the city of Dallas. Ling-Temco-Vought was the prime contractor on that project. DOT cancelled the contract when L-T-V became entangled in managerial difficulties.

The agreement with Nissan does not preclude negotiations in other parts of the world, and Minto says he is negotiating with automobile companies in Europe and with truck and bus companies in the United States. He has also held preliminary discussions with two U.S. auto manufacturers.



—Doug Anderson adaptation of AP wire photo

Wallace Minto's fumeless auto is diagramed above. Fuel feeds from tank at rear through pipe (outlined in gray) to burners at front. Independent closed system within which Freon circulates to power engine is shaded in color. Heat from burners first reaches Freon in flat rectangular heat exchanger suspended at bottom of car frame. As temperature rises, liquid Freon moves from heat exchanger into vaporizer, where Freon flashes into gaseous form and passes into the main engine. Cooled by the work it does in driving the engine pistons, the evaporated Freon rises to the condenser on the roof, returns to liquid form, and is pumped back to the heat exchanger.

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PEOPLE, YES; CARS, NO

More and more cities are banning automobiles from downtown. Properly planned, the idea can work.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

On Sunday morning, last August 2, Tokyo's Governor Ryokichi Minobe closed 122 of the city's busiest downtown streets to automobiles. People instantly took over. In some places they numbered twenty times more than on the previous Sunday. They sat at temporary sidewalk cafés, where bikini-clad girls offered them wet towels and free ice cream; they watched folk-dancing troupes and other entertainments; they reveled in their new freedom to move about. And, Sunday being Japan's busiest shopping day, they crowded into the stores.

By evening Tokyo discovered that at no cost it had accomplished an incredible feat of urban renewal, at least for a few hours. Air pollution decreased by half (in one area called Shinjuku, the carbon monoxide reading even dropped to zero for a few minutes), and retail sales increased by 50 per cent. "Sweet Sunday," the name that Norman Mailer, during his unsuccessful campaign for nomination as mayor of New York City last year, chose to designate his demand for a day of respite from the poisonous stench and noise of internal combustion engines, is now a regular institution in Tokyo.

Fresno's mall—a dynamic success.

On the occidental island of Manhattan, the banning of motor vehicles from the busiest stretch of Fifth Avenue on Saturdays has similarly proved so popular that Mayor John Lindsay was able to extend the Saturday prohibition of motor traffic to other major shopping streets. "Environmental Action," the antipollution organization that coordinated last April's Earth Day, urged the mayors of other American cities to follow suit. The notion that downtown should be for people, not automobiles, seems at last to be catching on in America. It may be that 1970 will mark the beginning of the end of "Autopia," as city planner Victor Gruen has called our surrender to the automobile.

Autopia is based on the delusion that because horse-drawn carriages once brought the "carriage trade" to the stores, ever more automobiles will likewise bring ever more business downtown. They don't. As Gruen has said, "No Cadillac has ever bought a nickel's worth of merchandise." Instead, the automobile takes over. In Los Angeles, about two-thirds of the downtown area is devoted to streets, roads, freeways, garages, parking lots, gas stations, car-dealer lots, and other accommodations for automobiles. The average American city devotes about 60 per cent of its downtown space to the internal combustion engine, causing those who can afford it to hit the freeways in the other direction and spend the money they earn downtown to live, shop, and pay taxes in suburbia.

The Dutch, notably architects J. H. van den Broek and Jacob B. Bakema, were probably the first to discover that, in order to thrive, a city needs a strong, healthy heart, and that to be strong, healthy, and pleasant the downtown urban heart must be essentially car-free. After Rotterdam was destroyed by Hitler's Luftwaffe, those architects rebuilt the city's busiest shopping street, the Lijnbaan, as an enchanting pedestrian mall that is still exemplary. It is gay and resplendent with lush flower displays, sculpture, sidewalk cafés, benches, and even colorful and noisy parrots, which, from their perches on poles, delight the children and add to the general bustle. People can crisscross the street freely, shopping on impulse. They come, however, not only during the daytime for shopping but also at night and on Sundays to see others and to be seen in a year-round Easter parade.

Coventry, in England, went even further. Like Rotterdam, it, too, was almost completely destroyed in a Nazi bombing raid; but after a six-year-long hassle among skeptical city fathers, it was rebuilt with the world's first wholly pedestrian precinct at its center. Automobiles are routed around this center along an expressway loop, about half a mile in diameter, which feeds into parking spaces for 10,000 cars. Many cars are parked on store roofs. The theory is that downtown is a place to go *to* rather than *through*. Most "new towns" in Britain and the Scandinavian countries have adopted the Coventry plan.

The proposal to turn an existing downtown business district into a pedestrian oasis was first made in this country fourteen years ago by Gruen, who developed the idea for Fort Worth, Texas. Like the Coventry plan, the Fort Worth plan called for an inner loop freeway, lined with parking garages, from which goods and services could be fed through tunnels to the pedestrian district of about one square mile. Moving sidewalks would transport tired pedestrians. Gruen's Fort Worth sketches of lavishly planted and well-furnished streets converted into walkways promised a great new hope for old cities. But the plan was defeated, mainly by parking lot operators, a powerful adversary of pedestrians in any city.

The idea, however, did inspire a few pedestrian malls around the country, mainly in smaller cities. Some of them failed, notably an attempt in Toledo, Ohio, which closed off a street to automobiles, put sculpture and flower boxes on it, but failed to provide for adequate parking, a new traffic pattern, and public transportation. Others were silly compromises, like the F Street Mall in Washington, D.C., which merely narrowed the traffic lanes in order to create a pedestrian center strip. After all, who would want to walk, let alone sit, on a center strip cut off from the shop windows and the rest of humanity by crawling car traffic? None of the elaborately designed flower stands and kiosks survived. And now even the newly planted trees are dying, killed by the increased carbon monoxide emissions from slowed-down combustion engines.

But a few thoughtfully designed pedestrian malls, among them the ones in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Knox-

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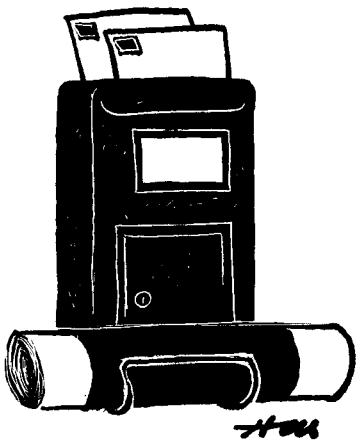
ville, Tennessee, have proved as successful as they are delightful. The most extensive and exciting car-free downtown district is, however, in Fresno, California, designed by Gruen and Associates, who returned six long blocks of the main shopping street and a block each of three cross streets to pedestrians. Landscape architect Garrett Eckbo decked the streets out with luxurious new pavements, fountains, cascades, pools, stylized brooks, light fixtures, benches, planter boxes, and islands of trees, flowers, and shrubs; little playgrounds where mothers can park their children while shopping; elevated and wind-shielded sitting areas where the elderly can relax above the bustle; and a variety of statuary and other works of art. Among all these wonders run little noiseless electric trains that cost only a dime a ride and let passengers off wherever they wish. Business in downtown Fresno, needless to say, has increased considerably.

The mall was ceremoniously opened in 1964 with an arts festival. There were Japanese and American folk dancers, a Buddhist choir, and young actresses set up a storyteller's booth. All sorts of other performers came to do their thing. The festival was supposed to last only a week. Six years later, it is still going on—and without the benefit of an expensive and contrived cultural center. In fact, all of Fresno—William Saroyan's city—has become a cultural center, thanks to the mall. Gruen not only subtracted automobiles from the heart of the city, but he also added "the dynamism and variety that a true urban center must have," as he put it.

When I visited this site of dynamism and variety six years ago, I was sure it would quickly be imitated all over urban America. It wasn't, mostly because big-city downtown merchants in such places as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia clung to their faith in Autopia. Now, perhaps, the new concern about air pollution will at last stifle that faith before the poisoned air suffocates all downtown life.



Letters to the Environment Editor

Risks in Food

JEAN CARPER's "Danger of Cancer in Food" [*SR*, Sept. 5] was an informative and useful account of the carelessness about public health that is actively advocated from some quarters. This nonchalance reaches its peak in the broad attack that continues to be pressed against the Delaney Amendment to the U.S. Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. However, the article ends with the quotation: "My children would have to be in more than highly theoretical danger of starving before I would want *any* risk."

The *any*, italicized in the original, is a logical absurdity of precisely the kind that fuels the attack on the Delaney Amendment. It is quite impossible for food to be absolutely free from any risk. All of us partake of foods the risks of which, though small, are still well known to us.

So far lacking from the policy discussions about food additive safety is any clear confrontation of the social merits and hazards in quantitative terms. Just what level of risk would be tolerable to justify the continued use of an optional food additive? Of a pesticide? Of a life-saving drug? The policy definition of what constitutes an acceptable risk should not be confounded with the technical determination of whether a product meets that standard. The former is a matter of social and political decision, fully ventilated. The latter, perhaps, may better be left to experts, provided their data and reasoning are open to general criticism.

I would suggest that a proposed food additive should first be demonstrated to specifically injure fewer than one per million of its consumers. Failing that, its sponsors must openly advocate and justify any more permissive standard.

The one-per-million standard is very difficult to meet in the current state of biochemical science. The best we can do is to extrapolate from experiments on a few hundred animals burdened with heavy overdoses of an additive for a limited period of time.

In practical terms, the poor sensitivity of our tests means that the Delaney Amendment is unlikely to be triggered unless the indicated risk is many times greater than the suggested one-per-million standard. It is possible that more sophisticated studies might show that the indications from overdosed animals were spurious, although the danger is greater the other way, that we will fail to detect important hazards. I would be quite prepared to advocate a revision of the Delaney Amendment that allowed indications of risk to be rebutted by other explicit evidence that confirmed safety to within the one-per-million standard. None of the rhetoric about cyclamates has approached this; instead, it mostly relies upon a confusion of the policy and the technical issues.

I would also advocate an extension of the Delaney Amendment to cover risks of mutation, malformation, and other chronic injury—not "*any*" risks, but risks quantitatively evaluated in similar fashion to those from cancer. Mutation, and sometimes cancer, stand apart from other kinds of injury for a general theoretical reason. These risks remain proportional to the dose rather than dropping to zero even at the lowest doses. One cancer cell or one mutational event can still doom the individual; we will not notice the mere loss of one cell in the liver, the kidney, or even in the brain.

PROFESSOR JOSHUA LEDERBERG,
Department of Genetics,
School of Medicine,
Stanford University,
Stanford, Calif.

Wisconsin's Senator Nelson

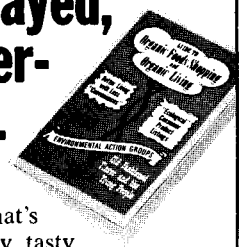
JEAN CARPER should give credit where credit is due. Gaylord Nelson is the U.S. Senator from Wisconsin, not Michigan. Wisconsin is blessed in having both William Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson crusading for consumer protection and the environment.

JUDITH A. ZVARA,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Oil Spillage

IN "The Threat to Life in the Sea" [*SR*, Aug. 1], Gordon Rattray Taylor says that

Your food is over-processed, over-sprayed, and under-flavored.



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"oil leaks (like that which caused disaster at Santa Barbara and which continues to flow) will become steadily commoner."

According to the Santa Barbara *News-Press* edition of July 2, 1920, "vast quantities" of oil were going to waste in the ocean fifty years ago from "marine wells which continually bubble forth their valuable product."

A study recently made by General Research Corporation and paid for by the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors found that seventy-five barrels of oil per day are now flowing freely into the Santa Barbara Channel from just one of the many natural marine wells, or seeps, in the ocean floor. Oil seeping from the vicinity of oil drilling platform A in the Santa Barbara Channel has been estimated at between five and ten barrels per day, most of which is being recovered.

How Taylor can be so sure that offshore drilling operations will result in increasingly frequent oil spills is hard to imagine.

ROBERT L. KLAUS,
Public Relations Counsel,
Sun Oil Company,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Marked for Trouble

WOLF VON ECKARDT ["Saving Our Landmarks," *SR*, Sept. 5] is wrong when he blames the decline of St. Louis's Gaslight Square on "superficial cuteness, artificial antiquing, and Disneylandizing of the old." It declined when patrons found that neither their purses nor their persons were safe. The lesson to be learned from the failure of Gaslight Square is: Never develop an entertainment area in the path of urban blight.

RICHARD M. WEISS,
St. Louis, Mo.

Ignored Rules

IT IS HARD to believe that Wolf Von Eckardt ["Getting into the Act," *SR*, July 4] seriously thinks that "the urban renewers have set no ground rules or deadlines and have no *Robert's Rules of Order* to make citizen participation meaningful and constructive." It is because these rules have been all but ignored since they were first outlined in the Housing Act of 1954 that "what little is done to plan and build a more livable urban environment more often than not gets bogged down in endless, noisy donnybrooks."

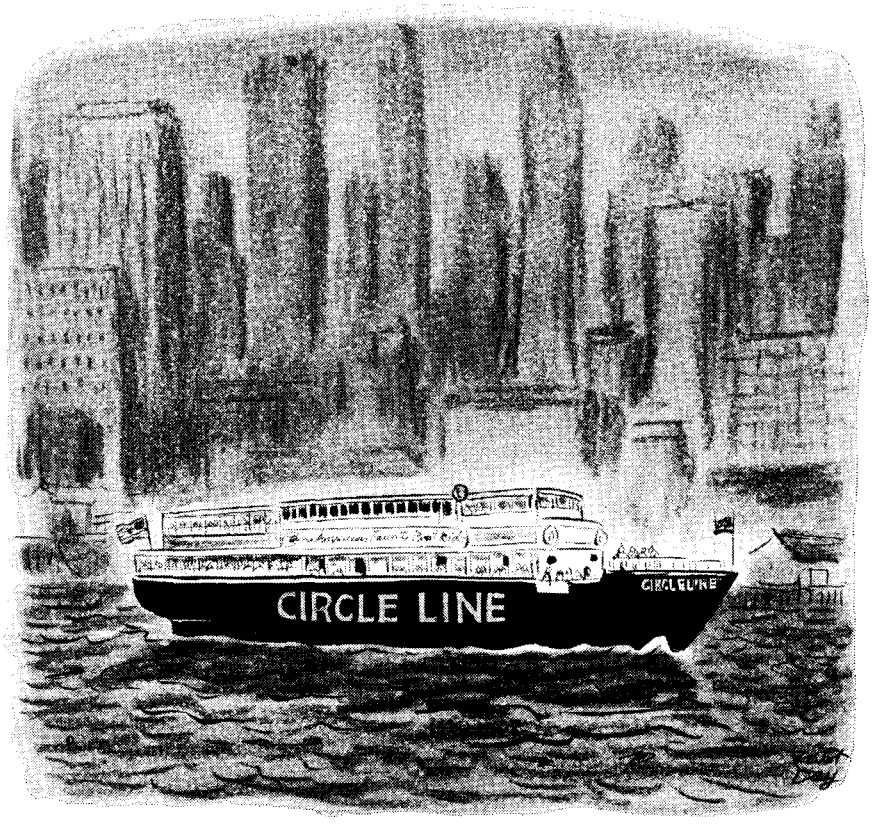
JAMES ROSGOOD,
New York, N.Y.

Roads in Maryland

JOHN LEAR'S EDITORIAL ["The Road-Tax Rebellion," *SR*, July 4] stating that Maryland has refused to build any new roads this year came as a surprise to State Roads Commission personnel and contractors, who are working hard on more than $41,835,000 worth of new highway projects let in the state since the first of the year.

WILLIAM JABINE, II, Chief,
Bureau of Highway Information,
State Roads Commission,
Baltimore, Md.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: adder, dread, dared.



"And so, as the lowering smog slowly blankets our view, we say farewell to the world's most breathtaking skyline."

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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VACATIONS

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

(Continued on page 68)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 67)

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

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VACATIONS

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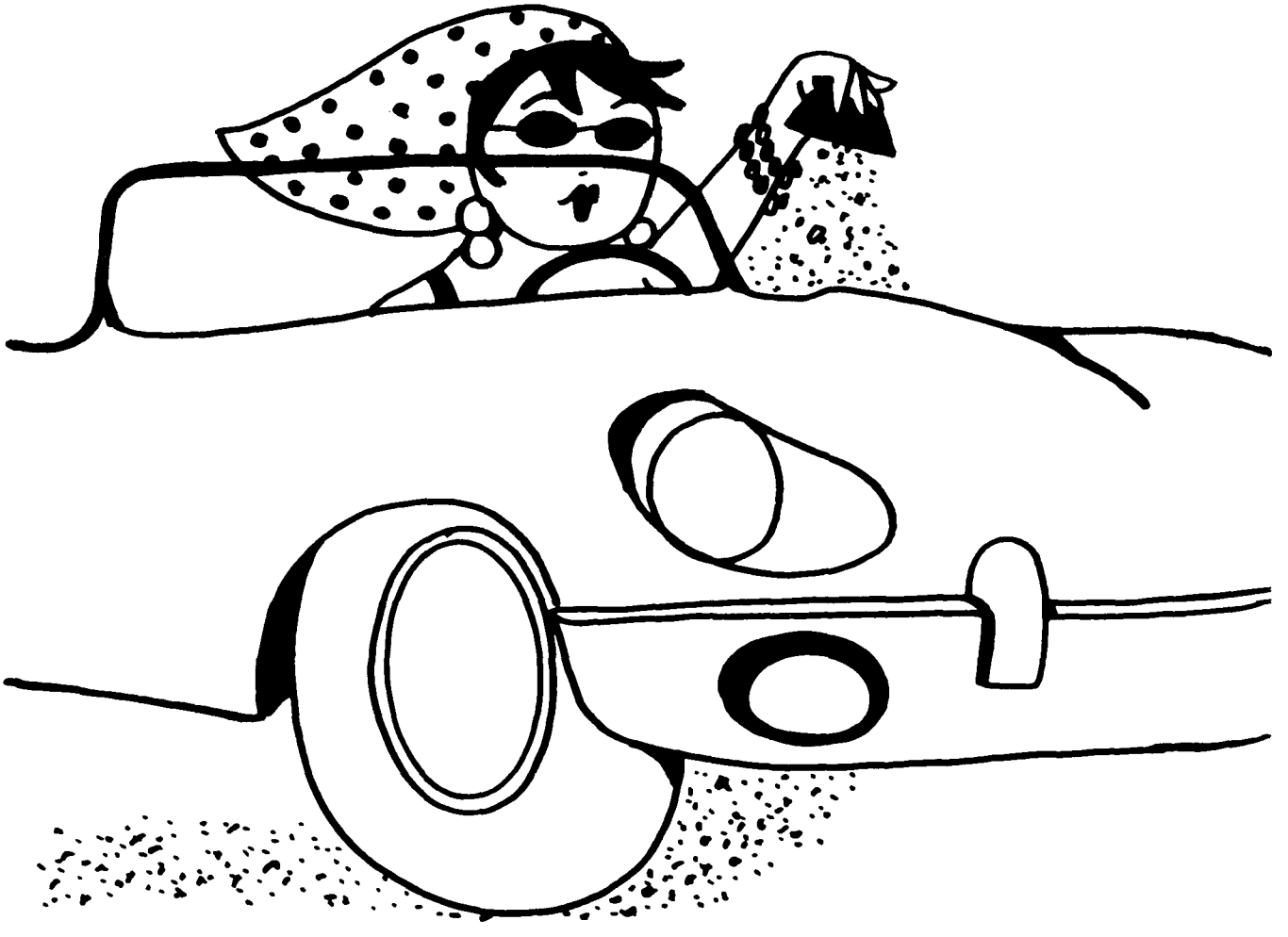
MARY HAD AN ASHTRAY

by HENRY GIBSON

Mary had an ashtray
Full of ashes white as snow
And every time she drove her car
The tray would overflow.
She dumped it on the road one day
Which was against the rule.
The road is very ugly now
'Cause she was such a fool.



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1904

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. ——of Bouillon: crusader (c. 1058-1100), duke of Lower Lorraine	21 50 68 98 106 113 145
B. "Till——stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat." (3 wds.; Kipling, "Ballad of East and West")	149 163 178 190 195 205 8 25 33 134 157
C. In bad (3 wds.)	160 169 170 191 7 65 118 130 141
D. Academy Award winner, best supporting actress, 1968 (first name)	144 161 194 201
E. Last name, WORD D	39 72 107 122 147 151
F. Exalted	154 164 198 6 35 88 92 104 180
G. English physicist (1842-1919), important research in sound and light	193 28 40 44 48 56 77 103
H. English dramatist (1634-1691; "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub")	105 112 116 124 197 23 58 63
I. One of the three supreme gods of Hinduism	148 196 45 15 57 203
J. She succeeded Vashti as Ahasuerus' queen	11 52 54 62 78 109
K. In a superior manner	129 138 31 34 43 67 173
L. Feeling of exaltation	175 16 41 46
M. Acting as a hindrance (3 wds.)	59 76 80 159 168 49 86 199

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Indian tribe of the lower Columbia River	73 167 69 82 117 189 18
O. In full view and at hazard (3 wds.)	202 17 26 74 85 176 91 121 135
P. Rough up	137 177 188 22 36 95 165 12 90
Q. American author and teacher (1852-1929; "Playwrights on Playmaking")	123 127 132 142 171 181 64 83
R. Reaches; catches	120 152 156 182 19 139 3
S. "A new friend is as——." (2 wds.; Eccliasticus 9:10)	206 192 153 166 81 20 13
T. Female	87 97 119 200 2 111 126
U. Scenes	143 1 99 204 108 185 38 162
V. Irritates	51 30 24 94 4
W. Joining; increase	10 186 207 79 93 128 131 60
X. Rodgers and Hart song from "Garrick Gaieties"	146 136 89 47 184 71 115 187 114
Y. Region of central Ghana	42 96 55 133 125 61 110
Z. Sharpest, smartest	155 140 29 53 150 100 70 158
Z^1 Doggoned, consarned	9 66 75 84 102 172 183
Z^2 Diplomatic officials	174 14 37 32 5 27 179 101

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 U	2 T	3 R	4 V	5 Z^2	6 F	7 C	8 B	9 Z^1	10 W	11 J	12 P	13 S		14 Z^2	15 I	16 L	17 O
18 N	19 R	20 S	21 A		22 P	23 H	24 V	25 B		26 O	27 Z^2	28 G	29 Z		30 V	31 K	
32 Z^2		33 B	34 K	35 F	36 P	37 Z^2	38 U	39 E	40 G		41 L	42 Y	43 K	44 G	45 I		46 L
47 X	48 G		49 M	50 A	51 V	52 J	53 Z		54 J	55 Y	56 G	57 I	58 H		59 M	60 W	
61 Y	62 J	63 H		64 Q	65 C	66 Z^1	67 K	68 A		69 N	70 Z		71 X	72 E		73 N	74 O
75 Z^1	76 M	77 G	78 J		79 W	80 M		81 S	82 N	83 Q	84 Z^1	85 O	86 M	87 T		88 F	89 X
90 P		91 O	92 F	93 W	94 V	95 P	96 Y	97 T	98 A	99 U	100 Z	101 Z^2		102 Z^1	103 G	104 F	
105 H	106 A	107 E	108 U	109 J		110 Y	111 T		112 H	113 A	114 X		115 X	116 H	117 N	118 C	119 T
120 R	121 O	122 E		123 Q	124 H	125 Y		126 T	127 Q	128 W	129 K		130 C	131 W		132 Q	133 Y
134 B	135 O		136 X		137 P	138 K	139 R	140 Z	141 C	142 Q	143 U	144 D	145 A		146 X	147 E	148 I
149 B		150 Z	151 E		152 R	153 S	154 F	155 Z	156 R	157 B		158 Z	159 M	160 C	161 D	162 U	163 B
164 F	165 P		166 S	167 N	168 M	169 C		170 C	171 Q	172 Z^1	173 K		174 Z^2	175 L	176 O		177 P
178 B	179 Z^2		180 F	181 Q	182 R	183 Z^1		184 X	185 U	186 W		187 X	188 P	189 N	190 B	191 C	192 S
193 G		194 D	195 B	196 I	197 H	198 F	199 M		200 T	201 D	202 O	203 I	204 U	205 B	206 S	207 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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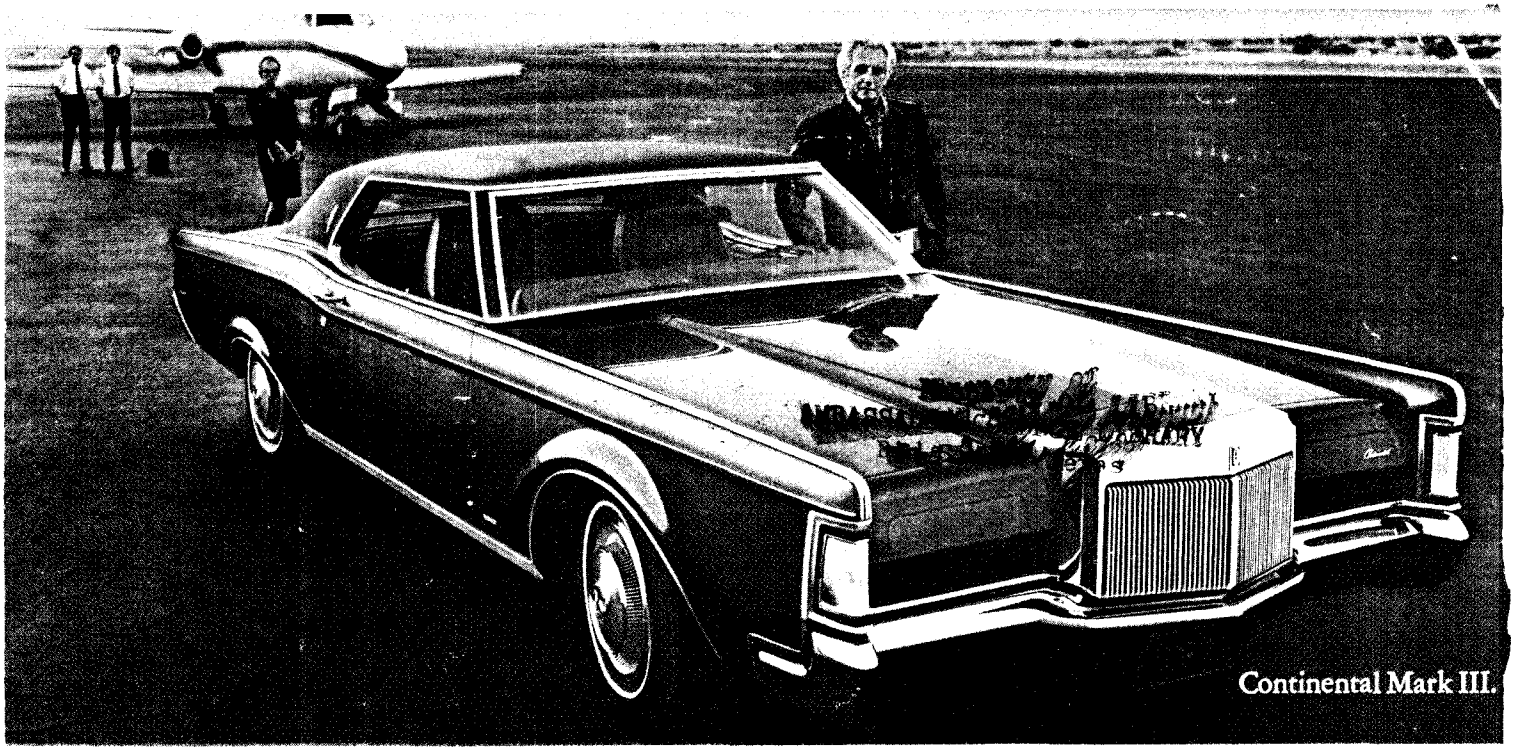

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